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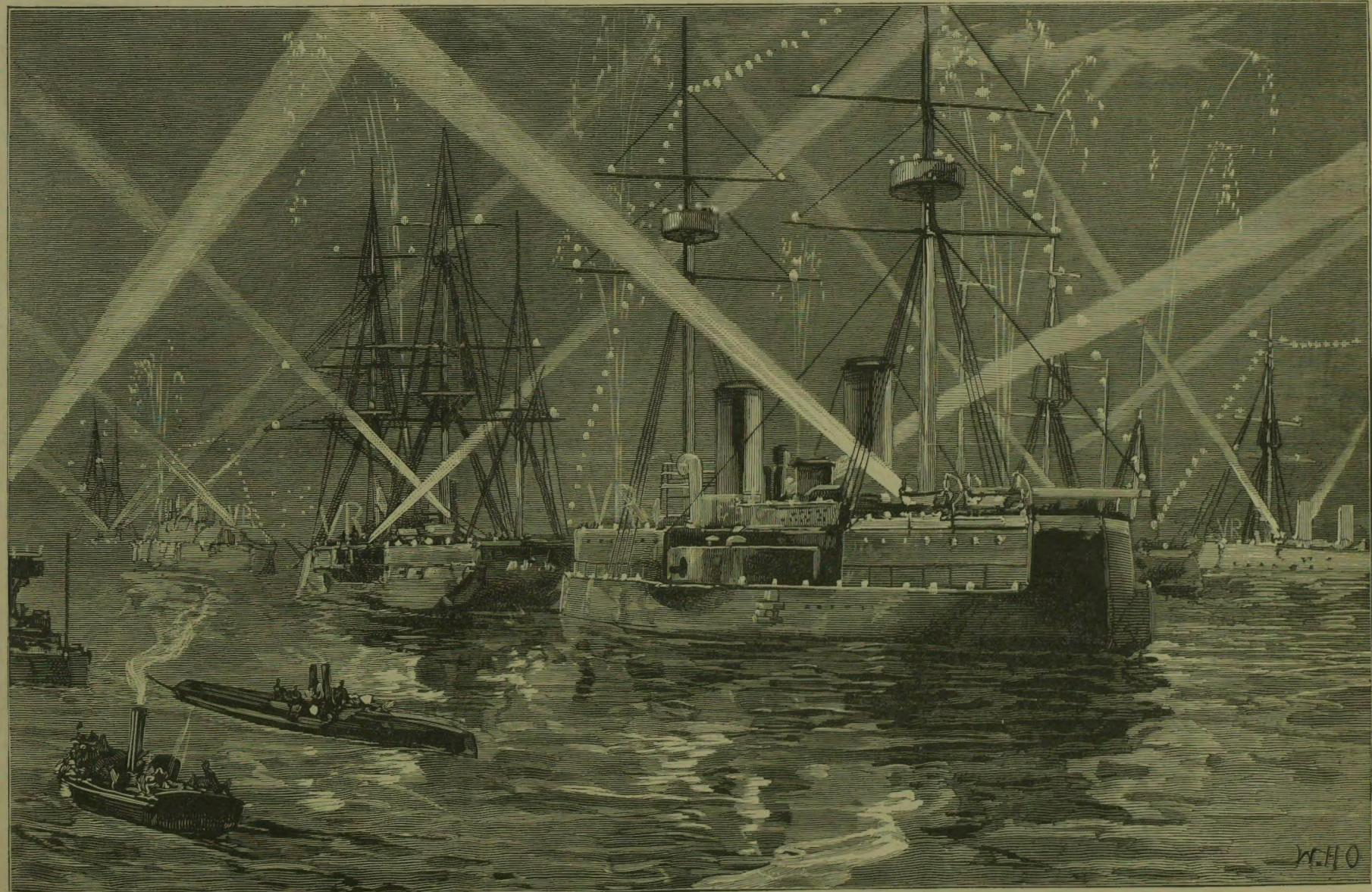
No. 2519.—VOL. XCI.

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1887.

WITH SUPPLEMENT AND } SIXPENCE.  
FOUR-PAGE COLOURED PICTURE } By Post, 6*d*.



TRAINING-BRIGS, SKETCHED FROM GILKICKER FORT.



ILLUMINATION OF THE FLEET.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD.

## THE JUBILEE NAVAL REVIEW.

The grand naval review at Spithead last Saturday, when the Queen, in the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert, passed along the lines of the most powerful fleet ever yet assembled, was a magnificent and appropriate termination of the Jubilee festivities in this fiftieth year of her Majesty's reign. The weather was as bright and fair as an English summer day can afford; the arrangements, which we described beforehand, were most convenient, and were effectively carried into execution; and the gathering of spectators was the largest that has ever taken place on such an occasion. The fleet which her Majesty had the pleasure of showing to the numerous Royal and distinguished personages who followed her yacht in its progress comprised every description of iron-clad and modern instrument of warfare that floats upon the sea. It numbered 135 vessels, including twenty-six armoured and nine unarmoured ships, three torpedo cruisers, one torpedo gun-boat, one gun and torpedo vessel, thirty-eight first-class torpedo-boats, thirty-eight gun-boats, twelve troop-ships, one paddle-frigate, and six training-brigs. The total complement of officers and men was 20,200, and of guns about five hundred; but the immense power of the great ships and of the ordnance puts this naval review out of all comparison with previous reviews, which may have collected a larger number of vessels.

The whole fleet, under the command of Admiral Sir George Willes, K.C.B., was divided into three cruising squadrons, A, B, and C, and was moored at Spithead in columns of divisions in line ahead, the ships at two cables apart and three cables apart, with the flag-ships of each squadron to the eastward. There were also formed in columns of divisions in line ahead (parallel to and in-shore of A, B, C squadrons) five distinct coast-defence flotillas, each consisting of coast-defence ships, gun-boats, and torpedo-boats. The formation and strength of the several squadrons and flotillas were as follows:—

A Squadron.—Starboard Division: Minotaur, Impérieuse, Conqueror, Sultan, Monarch, Mercury, and Curlew.—Port Division: Agincourt, Black Prince, Collingwood, Iron Duke, Inflexible, Archer, and Rattlesnake.

B Squadron.—Starboard Division: Hercules, Hotspur, Invincible, Rupert, Belleisle, Mersey, and Fearless.—Port Division: Edinburgh, Devastation, Ajax, Neptune, Shannon, Amphion, and Mohawk.

C Squadron.—Starboard Division: Active, Volage, and Inconstant.—Port Division: Rover, Calypso, and Arethusa.

D Flotilla.—Starboard Division: Glatton, gun-boats Medina, Arrow, Blazer, Bouncer, Cuckoo, Insolent, Mastiff, and Pike, and torpedo-boats Nos. 31, 34, and 62.—Port Division: Prince Albert, gun-boats Medway, Badger, Bonetta, Bustard, Hyaena, Kite, Pickle, and Staunch, and torpedo-boats Nos. 32, 61, and 63.

E Flotilla.—Starboard Division: Cyclops, gun-boats Spey, Weazel, and Snap, and torpedo-boats Nos. 41, 45, 48, and 50.—Port Division: Hecate, gun-boats Tees, Pincher, and Snake, and torpedo-boats Nos. 44, 46, 49, and 42.

F Flotilla.—Starboard Division: Hydra, gun-boats Sabrina, Bull Dog, and Scourge, and torpedo-boats Nos. 26, 70, 33, and 38.—Port Division: Gun-boats Fay, Plucky, and Fidget, and torpedo-boats Nos. 35, 72, 37, and 30.

G Flotilla.—Second Division: Gorgon, and torpedo-boats Nos. 59, 51, 53, and 56.—Port Division: Torpedo-boats Nos. 60, 52, 55, and 58.

H Flotilla.—Bramble, Slaney, and Trent, and torpedo-boats Nos. 27 and 26.

The following commentary on the respective qualities of the most important ships is borrowed from a correspondent of the *Daily News*:—At what may be termed the eastern gate of the waterway, each side of which was lined with battleships, were anchored the Minotaur and Agincourt—one bearing the flag of Admiral Sir W. Hewitt, V.C., the other that of Rear-Admiral the Hon. E. Fremantle, C.B. These five-masted ironclads are the most imposing in appearance of all our modern men-of-war; but the metal from one of their broadsides would not weigh much more than two shots from the Inflexible eighty-tonners, and, for defensive purposes, their iron-plated sides would not long resist the shock of modern artillery. We had time to note the beautiful proportions, the towering masts, and slender top spars of the Black Prince, oldest and least powerful, but by far the most graceful of all the great warships here assembled. Opposite her lay the Impérieuse, a swift ocean cruiser, partially protected by an armour-belt in the middle, with four 18-ton guns *en barbette*. Next, anchored abreast, were two of the most modern and powerful types, the Conqueror, with its low freeboard forward, its high poop astern, and its torpedo-boats hoisted inboard, looking like huge whales; and the Collingwood, which carries its great 44-ton guns mounted in revolving barbette towers fore and aft. The latter has one bare pole, called a military mast, with double tops for machine gun crews, and, in this respect, differs from all other ships of the armada. Her broadside bulwarks bristle with quick-firing guns, and her principal pieces of ordnance, shaped like enormous bottles, can be made to cover the whole circle of sea round about her. The Sultan, one of the most powerful of our broadside ironclads, lies at anchor opposite the Iron Duke, which gained enviable notoriety once upon a time by ramming the Vanguard. The Sultan was one of the ships that played its part well under Sir Beauchamp Seymour in the bombardment of Alexandria, and just astern of her lies the Monarch, whose shots made deep scars in the fortifications that were manned by Arabi's Egyptians. Opposite the Monarch, in the port division, is anchored the Inflexible, with the muzzles of her formidable 80-ton guns grinning through the dark port-holes of her turrets. Those guns, belching out 1700 lb. of iron at every shot, reduced Fort Pharos to silence before noon; and the mark of their missiles may still be seen deeply indenting the walls of that stronghold. The fast cruiser Mercury represents quite another type, but one not less important for modern warfare than armoured ships. She can steam just nineteen knots an hour with ease, and on her trial trip from Portsmouth to Portland she covered the sixty knots in less than four hours. The torpedo fleet to which she happened to give chase in broad daylight, or with no friendly haven close at hand, would have a very bad time of it. Beyond the Archer, in the port line, lies the mischievous-looking Rattlesnake, which is a torpedo-boat for attack, but preys on her species by becoming a torpedo-catcher when in the mood. Of this type our most scientific and enterprising men would gladly see a hundred added to the British Navy. The Hercules, sister ship to the Sultan; the Edinburgh, a very powerful fighting-ship; the Devastation, whose puissance is still to be dreaded by the foes of England; the Ajax, unwieldy in manœuvres, but mighty in battle; and the Invincible, on board of which Sir Beauchamp Seymour hoisted his flag at Alexandria, find many admirers. The Neptune, one of the cheapest purchases from a private firm, though bought during the panic of a threatened war, lies abreast of another turret-ship, the Rupert; astern of them come squadrons of corvettes and fast cruisers, with a few line-of-battle ships, but none of modern type among them. Passing by them, we emerge on clear water at the western end of the line."

Soon after three o'clock in the afternoon, all the vessels appointed to take part in the Royal procession having assembled on the Isle of Wight side, the Royal yacht Alberta, drawing less water than the Victoria and Albert, was seen coming from the direction of East Cowes. At her foremast-head was flying the Admiralty flag, a red banner with a yellow anchor, denoting that the Lords of the Admiralty were on board. The Royal Standard at the main showed that the Queen was afloat, and at the mizen was a Union Jack, the flag always used by crowned heads in this country as a dressing flag, instead of a white ensign. As soon as the yacht was perceived from the decks of the assembled transports, guards of Marines were turned up, the flags dipped, and anchors weighed. Among those on board the Royal yachts, in addition to the Queen, were the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Christian, Prince Henry of Battenberg and Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Albany, the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany and daughters, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, the Comte de Paris, the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Crown Prince and Princess of Portugal, and Princess Eulalie of Spain, the Prince and Princess of Wales and the young Princes and Princesses, with the King of the Hellenes and Prince Henry of Prussia. Some little time was occupied by the removal of the Royal party from the Alberta to the Victoria and Albert, the flags which had been flying in the smaller yacht having been transferred to the larger one as soon as her Majesty had gone aboard, white ensigns being hoisted in their place. This being accomplished precisely at twenty-five minutes past three the Victoria and Albert started in the direction of the fleet, preceded at about four hundred yards distance by the Galatea, the yacht of the Trinity House, with the Elder Brethren aboard, piloting the way. After about the same interval, which separated all the following ships, the Osborne steamed along, with the standards of the Prince of Wales and the King of the Hellenes still flying. The Alberta came next, and then, in the order named, the Enchantress, with friends of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty; the Helicon, with the Ambassadors and foreign Ministers; the Euphrates, with Peers and Peeresses; the Crocodile, with members of the House of Commons and their friends; the Malabar, with Indian and Colonial visitors; and, last, the Assistance, with a mixed company, some members of the House of Commons and the Indian and Colonial visitors, and the representatives of the Press. The first gun from the Commander-in-Chief's flagship Inflexible announced that the Victoria and Albert, with the Queen on board, was approaching the fleet. This was the signal for the Royal salute of twenty-one guns, and at once every ship that had guns on board began to salute.

The Victoria and Albert soon came abreast of the Agincourt, which lay at the extreme west of the northern line of ironclads. When the guns had ceased to thunder, and the vast clouds of smoke had passed away, it was seen that all the yards of the masted ships and the turrets, breastworks, and decks of the unmasted were manned with hundreds of sailors. Marine guards of honour were placed upon the poops, and before the approaching flotilla was visible one could hear the cheering from the ships far down the lines. As the Victoria and Albert passed slowly by, the eyes of all were looking for the Queen. While the Marines saluted the band played the National Anthem, and the commander on the bridge led three hearty rounds of cheering. The Queen sat, surrounded by her grandchildren and the ladies of her suite, under an awning on the quarter-deck of her yacht. So close did she pass that the expression on her face was clearly visible to all who had good glasses. Her Majesty looked very well, and smiled graciously as each ship in succession took up the cheering. Following the Victoria and Albert, at a distance of a couple of cables, came the Alberta, and then the Osborne. On board the latter was the Prince of Wales, in his new uniform as honorary Admiral of the Fleet. He was on the bridge, and scarcely took his binocular from his eyes except to make a quick observation to the Princess, who, in her pale cream-coloured dress, stood at his side. Some of the Indian visitors in the Malabar were conspicuous by their gay and glittering uniforms. Each vessel as she slowly passed was saluted by the Royal Marines on the poop.

The Queen's flotilla steamed from west to east between the line of gun-boats off the Hampshire shore and the northernmost line of ironclads and cruisers. Instead of immediately turning to the starboard after clearing the ends of these lines, the Victoria and Albert continued her course for a considerable distance and did not turn for about an hour. On its return the Royal flotilla stopped between the columns of ironclads, and came to anchor opposite the Inflexible. The signal was given for Admiral Sir George Willes, with the flag officers and all the captains under his command, to go on board the Royal yacht, the Victoria and Albert. The Prince of Wales and the foreign Princes also went on board, and a kind of levee was held, the Queen graciously speaking a few words to several officers. Her Majesty then made the following general signal:—"Convey to the officers and men under your command that her Majesty has great satisfaction and pride in the magnificent display made by her Navy this afternoon." Each Captain, on returning to his own ship, read the Queen's message to his assembled crew on the quarter-deck. Several foreign naval officers—French, Dutch, and German—commanding ships that lay near, were received by the Prince of Wales, who presented them to her Majesty. The Royal flotilla once more got under way, steaming down the line, while yards were manned and the big guns thundered out a farewell salute, which was echoed from the forts on shore, and with that the great Naval Review was at an end.

The illumination of the fleet at night was a magnificent display. The showers of red, white, and blue lights looked as if the ships were draped in flags of fire, and the electric lights when thrown upwards to form an arch over the fleet might have been seen from fifty miles inland. Thousands of people watched the spectacle from Southsea-common. Each ship was lighted by a line of lanterns placed 9 ft. apart along the upper deck from stem to stern, and by rainbows of lamps over the masts. Each ship had also, triced up in her rigging, a monogram of the letters "V.R.", formed of incandescent electric lights. The pattern of the monogram was not prescribed, and scope was thus left for the ingenuity of the officers of the various vessels. The best results were produced by the Inflexible, which had two plain letters, traced by brilliant white lamps; and by the Agincourt, which had a monogram that was alike on both sides, and was formed of plain white lamps and others, covered with red bunting. When the display of fireworks began, so much smoke was evolved that very little of the general effect could be seen from any one point. Bouquets of rockets or brilliant salvoes of Roman candles were sent up, with beautiful effects of colour, from all the ships. When the fireworks were exhausted the hour was late, and but little time remained for displaying the electric searchlight. These were, however, exhibited for a few minutes, each ship throwing a beam upwards over the ship abreast of her, the result being the formation of a series of avenues of light. By eleven o'clock the illuminations ended. Messrs. J. Defries and Sons, of London, supplied the lamps (nearly five thousand) used to illuminate the ships.

## OLD ENGLISH SHIPS OF WAR.

This is an age of Reform in all our fashions and institutions, which have, indeed, undergone many and various changes in the past four centuries, since the first Tudor reigns. The progress of naval architecture and naval warfare is not the least remarkable. Even within the personal remembrance of men who are not very old, going back to their childhood years a little before the commencement of Queen Victoria's reign, there has been wonderful alteration. The present writer has a very distinct recollection of the old three-deckers, the Britannia and the Caldonia, which lay as guard-ships, successively, moored in the Hamoaze opposite Devonport Dockyard. He was acquainted with two or three gallant retired officers who stood on board the Victory when Nelson was killed at Trafalgar, in 1805, and with one who served under Rodney at the battle of Cape St. Vincent in 1781. The first-rate line-of-battle ships employed in the latter part of the great French war remained on view, though no longer in active service, and were associated with the old methods of battle, when some of us were boys reading Southeby's "Life of Nelson," and Captain Basil Hall's "Fragments of Voyages and Travels," then recently published. The largest were armed with a hundred and twenty guns, and those in the broadside were thirty-two or twenty-four pounders. Their wooden sides, rising to a great height above the water, could not escape being riddled by a hundred round shots in an hour of close fighting, as may be seen in the noble pictures that hang on the walls of the Painted Hall at Greenwich. The men who served those guns, and the officers who commanded them, as brave Englishmen as ever lived, would have laughed to scorn the idea of being protected by armour-plating. Their notion of manoeuvring was to lay their own ship close alongside the biggest ship of the enemy, the yard-arms of one almost touching the yard-arms of the other; the British ship even getting, if she could, between two of the enemy's ships; anchoring fore-and-aft in that position, and pounding on for hours, to starboard and to larboard, until both her antagonists were compelled to strike their flags, or were blown up or sunk. That was Nelson's habit of fighting; the carnage was dreadful; the victorious ship was often shattered and disabled from sailing. Here and there, a French or Spanish ship in flames was abandoned to her fate, while others lay helplessly afloat till the conquerors had leisure to pick them up. The crews were far larger than any now employed in the ships thrice as big which are now sent to sea; eight hundred or a thousand was the ordinary complement of a line-of-battle ship. They had often to struggle against the enemy "boarding" with cutlass, pike, and pistol, on the upper deck, while showers of bullets rained down upon them from musketry aloft in the tops.

Such were the sea-battles of our brave ancestors, whose manhood was abundantly proved in those fierce encounters, the history of which we have read, and some of us have heard told by men who bore part in them. There is Nelson's old Victory still lying in the harbour of Portsmouth. The last century was the classic period of British naval warfare, for even Trafalgar, though fought a few years later, belongs to the old time in which Nelson and Collingwood and other heroes were reared. There was no machinery; there was no steam; there was no science, but the art of rough-and-ready seamanship, the bulldog practice of close fighting, the "wooden walls" of Old England afloat, and the "hearts of oak" never doubting that for England it was worth while to die. We turn, therefore, with admiring regard to the models of a few of our old war-ships, in the Museum of Naval Architecture at the Royal Naval College, which are delineated on pages 144 and 145. Their shapes are probably familiar to many of our readers. That of the Great Harry, the building of which is said to have been commenced by order of King Henry VII., but which was finished in 1514 under Henry VIII., may be considered the first important example of a ship constructed specially for the King's war service. The Plantagenet Kings had been accustomed to rely on the Cinque Ports for the supply of shipping to be used in time of war. The Kingdom of Scotland, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, was rather in advance of England in this department; in 1506 James IV. had a ship built called the Great Michael, which was far more powerful than the Great Harry, being 240 ft. long and 36 ft. wide, with sides 10 ft. thick. The Scotch Admiral, Sir Andrew Wood, was one of the most renowned sea-captains in early history. But the Great Michael founded in a voyage to France in 1512, and the Great Harry was accidentally burnt at Woolwich. Henry VIII., in 1513, had a ship called the Soveraigne, in his fleet of forty-five sail which engaged with the French fleet off Brest harbour; the Soveraigne grappled with the largest French ship, the Cordelier, and both ships caught fire and were blown up. The Great Harry, on that occasion, was the flagship of Admiral Sir Edward Howard, who was killed in the action; and he called her "the flower of all ships that ever sailed." The King next built one of greater size, the Henry Grâce de Dieu, which is said to have been of 1500 tons burthen. But of the 197 sail mustered by Queen Elizabeth in 1588 against the Spanish Armada, only thirty-four belonged to the Crown, the largest of which were the Triumph, of 1100 tons burthen, and the White Bear, of 1000 tons. Private and local enterprise, with the skill and valour of men like Drake and Frobisher, supplied the want of preparation on the part of the Queen's Government; and, in the later years of Elizabeth's reign, many ships were added to her fleet. A great advance was made, under James I. and Charles I., by the ability of Mr. Phineas Pett, the first "Master Shipwright," who constructed the Prince Royal, in 1610, carrying sixty-four guns, and in 1637 completed at Woolwich the Royal Soveraigne, or Soveraigne of the Seas, the frame timbers of which were prepared at Newcastle. This ship, which was gorgeously decorated with carving and gilding, was of 1860 tons burthen, and was the first English three-decker; but Spanish three-deckers had fought in 1591 with Sir Richard Grenville and Sir Walter Raleigh. The Soveraigne of the Seas was frequently employed in our wars with the Dutch; she carried a hundred guns and a crew of about six hundred men. Our naval administration was not neglected by Cromwell; and, after the Restoration, under the care of the Duke of York, who became King James II., considerable improvements were made, which are recorded by Pepys, then at the Admiralty, with much satisfaction. The Royal William, and a fifty-gun frigate, also represented among our Illustrations, show the progress made before the commencement of the eighteenth century, from which date Great Britain had to compete with the great naval power of France, often allied with that of Spain. The first ship bearing the name of "Victory" was not that commanded by Lord Nelson at Trafalgar, but was one of more ancient date, built in 1737, which was lost in the Channel, with Admiral Balchen and all the officers and crew, on the night of Oct. 4, 1744; a great disaster as the sinking of the Royal George in Portsmouth harbour, Aug. 29, 1782, "when Kempenfeldt went down with twice four hundred men." Has any reader kept one of the memorial snuff-boxes, made of the wood of the Royal George?

## THE SILENT MEMBER.

"Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm," as most enjoyably typified in the superbly grand Royal Naval Review in the Solent, may be said to have put the finishing touch to the disrelish with which legislators meet for discussion at Westminster at this tropical period of the year. Pairing is naturally in vogue. But some Ministers and members must perforce remain in town to transact the business of the nation. The sunshine and gentle sea-breezes off Spithead came, accordingly, most opportunely to brighten and brace noble Lords and right hon. gentlemen upon whom the chief burden of work falls, and who will have, despite the allurements of Goodwood and of the Royal Yacht Squadron, to endure for a few weeks longer the debilitating and depressing atmosphere of St. Stephen's.

The Session's dying: let it die! Considering the number of legislative reforms the country has long vainly waited for, there has been a lamentable waste of time since the Commons assembled. Both the great Parties are to be blamed for this. "A plague on both your Houses!" might be the legitimate cry of a member anxious only to advance the interests of the community, and unhandicapped by any desire for office. The sooner the prorogation comes, the sooner the wished-for ramble through fresh woods and pastures new will, it is to be hoped, clear the Parliamentary cobwebs from the mind, and give birth to firm resolutions to spend the next Session usefully.

"Under which King, Bezonian?" This is the question some public writers have been pointedly putting to the Marquis of Hartington since Lord Salisbury announced such drastic changes in the new Irish Land Bill at the instigation of the Liberal Unionists. And the noble Marquis may possibly have been weighing the pros and cons of the case in his confidential conversation with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain on the quarter-deck of the magnificent new passenger palace of the P. and O., the Victoria, at the Naval Review. Be that as it may, circumstances may arise to impel Lord Hartington to join the Administration of the Marquis of Salisbury. Mr. Goschen drifted into the Government upon the sudden retirement of Lord Randolph Churchill from the leadership of the House, and the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. Assuredly, if the noble Lord who leads the Liberal Unionists finds he has a stronger affinity for the Conservative chief than for his former veteran leader, it would be more in accordance with his manly and straightforward character to become part and parcel of the present Ministry than merely the irresponsible "sleeping partner" he now is.

The Prime Minister is to be congratulated on being in a position to make a satisfactory statement regarding the Afghan Frontier on Monday in the House of Lords. Lord Salisbury was able to inform the Earl of Kimberley at last that "a decision has been arrived at in respect to the disputed portions of the Afghan Frontier," and that papers on the subject would be laid on the table at the earliest possible opportunity. The Premier added that he understood the Amer is to retain the district of Kham-i-Ab. The desirability of settling international disputes by arbitration was urged by the Marquis of Bristol. But Lord Salisbury had no difficulty in proving how impracticable this method of settlement would be in the teeth of the fact that the Great Powers are armed to the teeth. To preserve peace, we must be prepared for war. The legal Lords have not relaxed one whit of their zeal. Their Lordships on Tuesday, at the instigation of Lord Hobhouse, advanced a stage the serviceable Trust Companies Bill and Copyhold Enfranchisement Bill; but it is to be regretted they threw out Lord Herschell's Accumulations Bill, at the suggestion of the Lord Chancellor. On the other hand, some amendments were made by the second reading of Lord Preston's Merchandise Marks Bill.

The Speaker had the support of every fair-minded and impartial member in his judicious acceptance of Dr. Tanner's apology for the use of warm language to Mr. Long in the lobby. Coming to business, several votes in supply have been sandwiched between the sittings in Committee on the amended Irish Land Bill. On Monday and Tuesday Mr. Balfour was freely catechised as to the reasons which induced the Irish Executive to proclaim law-abiding districts of Ireland last Saturday under the Irish Crimes Act. Clear and acute as ever were Mr. John Morley and the Irish Home Rulers in putting these interrogations to the Irish Secretary. Pungent and decisive were the replies of Mr. Balfour in justification. Mr. Goschen welcomed Mr. Parnell's hopeful statement that the Irish Land Bill for the prevention of harsh and cruel evictions would tide over the time till the Ministerial Purchase Bill sees the light. In view of the introduction within a Session or two of this ameliorative measure of purchase, some of the conversations and disputes on the clauses of the temporary Land Bill appear to have been superfluous. These sharp discussions in Committee found Mr. Parnell and Mr. T. W. Russell vieing with each other as land reformers on Monday; and on Tuesday found Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Parnell in accord on the question of postponing the eviction-notice clause till the end; while Mr. Chamberlain as emphatically supported Mr. Balfour and Mr. W. H. Smith in their successful opposition to this appeal from Mr. Parnell. The Leader of the House, however, would have facilitated the passing of the clauses by gracefully yielding upon an immaterial point like this.

## FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE.

St. James's Church, Piccadilly, was on Monday thronged with a fashionable congregation to witness the marriage of the Hon. C. R. Spencer, M.P., half-brother to Lord Spencer, with the Hon. Margaret Baring, daughter of Lord and Lady Revelstoke. The ceremony was choral. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a magnificent costume of white moire silk, elaborately trimmed with Venetian point-lace and sprays of orange-blossom, and tulle veil. Her only ornament consisted of a pearl necklace, the gift of the bridegroom. There were five bridesmaids—Countess Valda Gleichen, the Hon. Susan Baring (sister of the bride), the Hon. Eleanor Harbord, Lady Constance Grosvenor, and Miss Stirling. The wedding presents included—from the Princess of Wales, a diamond brooch and two silver candle lamps; Prince of Wales, a diamond pin; Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales, silver-mounted claret jug; Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, a gold bangle, with "1887" in diamonds; Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, antique cup; and Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), silver inkstand. The bridegroom presented his bride with a diamond tiara, two moonstone and diamond bracelets, diamond Catherine-wheel brooch, emerald and diamond ring, diamond fret brooch, diamond crescent, pearl necklace, and gold bracelet, with the date and year in diamonds. The elegant tiara, formed of several hundred exquisitely white brilliants, was designed by the bridegroom, and manufactured by Messrs. J. R. Williams and Son, of Hatton-garden. The bridesmaids' bracelets, of white enamel on fine gold, were also designed by the bridegroom. A beautiful brilliant three-stone ring, the gift of Lady Sarah Spencer, and a few more choice diamond ornaments, were made by Messrs. Williams.

## THE COURT.

Her Majesty is still at Osborne, and is in good health. Accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and other members of the Royal family, the Queen drove yesterday week into Newport, where, after a thoroughly loyal reception, addresses congratulating her Majesty on the Jubilee were presented, and graciously replied to. Her Majesty also received at Osborne a deputation, headed by Admiral of the Fleet Sir Alexander Milne, G.C.B., and consisting of representatives, in full uniform, from all branches of the Naval and Marine services, who presented an address on the Jubilee, and a book of drawings of the silver naval models now in preparation as a Jubilee gift from the Navy and Marines. On Saturday last the Queen reviewed, at Spithead, a fleet of one hundred and thirty vessels, of all sizes and models, thus bringing to an impressive close the superb series of festivities connected with the national celebration of the Jubilee year of her Majesty's reign. The august spectacle is fully illustrated and described in the present issue. The Queen, the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince Alfred, Princesses Marie, Victoria, and Alexandra of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princesses Irene and Alice of Hesse, and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service at Osborne on Sunday morning—the Rev. Canon Prothero, M.A., officiating. The King of Greece and the Prince of Wales visited her Majesty. His Royal Highness delivered to the Queen a letter of congratulation from Scindia, the Maharajah of Gwalior, and presented an address of congratulation to the Queen on behalf of the Philharmonic Society. Her Majesty went out on Monday morning, accompanied by Princesses Irene and Alice of Hesse. The Royal dinner-party in the evening included the Crown Prince of Germany, Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, the Infanta Eulalia and Infante Antonio of Spain, the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princesses Irene and Alice of Hesse, and the Marquis of Lorne. The Ladies and Gentlemen-in-Waiting had the honour of joining the Royal circle in the drawing-room after dinner. The band of the King's Royal Rifles played a selection of music, under the direction of Mr. F. Tyler, bandmaster.

Yesterday week the King of the Hellenes, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, and the Duke of Sparta, left Marlborough House for Portsmouth, where they embarked on board the Royal yacht Osborne, for the purpose of being present at the Naval Review. The Royal party returned to town on Sunday. Their Royal Highnesses visited the Duchess of Cambridge at St. James's Palace on Monday morning to congratulate her on the attainment of her ninetieth birthday. The Prince and Princess, with their sons and daughters, and the Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen were present at the marriage of the Hon. C. R. Spencer, M.P., with the Hon. Margaret Baring, second daughter of Lord and Lady Revelstoke, at St. James's Church, Piccadilly. Their Royal Highnesses afterwards went to the wedding breakfast at Lord and Lady Revelstoke's residence in Charles-street, Berkeley-square. The King of the Hellenes and the Duke of Sparta, attended by Colonel Hadjipetros, Major Sapounzakis, and M. De Lüder, left Marlborough House in the evening for Denmark. The Hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, attended by Captain and Madame Von Berger, likewise left Marlborough House on her return to Germany. The Prince and Princess, with their sons and daughters, took leave of the King and the Hereditary Princess at Charing-cross Station. The Prince received Mirza Abbas Khan, British Consular Agent at Khorassan, Persia, at Marlborough House. His Royal Highness witnessed the performance of "The Doctor" at the Globe Theatre. On Tuesday the Prince, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, left Marlborough House for the purpose of being present at the Goodwood Races. Their Royal Highnesses proceeded, in the afternoon, to the Royal yacht Osborne, at Portsmouth.

On Monday the Crown Princess of Germany opened a flower show at the People's Palace, the event attracting a large assemblage.—The Duchess of Albany was present at the prize day at Marlborough College, and unveiled a window in the new chapel in memory of the late Duke of Albany. The ceremony of dedication was performed by the Bishop of Salisbury. On Tuesday the Duchess distributed the prizes to the girls of the Royal Naval Female School, St. Margaret's House, Twickenham, which was established in 1840 for the daughters of officers in the Navy and Marines, and which now contains some eighty-six pupils.—On behalf of Princess Beatrice, who is indisposed, the Duchess of Edinburgh launched a new life-boat at Bembridge, on Tuesday, and named it the Queen Victoria.

The Queen has approved the appointment of the Earl of Carnarvon to be Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, in the place of the late Marquis of Winchester.—Her Majesty has conferred the honour of Companion of the Bath (Civil Division) upon Sir Albert Woods, Garter King-of-Arms.—Tuesday's *Gazette* announces that the Queen has granted the dignity of Baronet to the following:—Charles Dalrymple, of Newhailes, in the parish of Inveresk, in the county of Midlothian; William Henry Houldsworth, of Reddish, in the parish of Manchester, in the county palatine of Lancaster, and of Coodham, in the parish of Symington, in the county of Ayr; William Pearce, of Cardell, in the parish of Inverkip, in the county of Renfrew; and Charles Edward Gregg Phillips, of Picton Castle, in the county of Pembroke.

In the presence of a number of friends, Sir Rutherford Alcock unveiled in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, on the 21st inst., a bust of the late Sir Harry Smith Parkes, British Minister in Japan and China.

A fire has occurred in the bookbinding establishment of the Government printers at Ottawa, by which the reports of the debates in the Dominion Senate and the "Hansard" of the House of Commons for last session have been destroyed.

Lord Boyne has given an unsolicited reduction of from 15 to 20 per cent in their rents to his Stackallan and Caucustown tenants in Meath. The relation between his Lordship and his tenants has always been cordial. All the tenants attended and paid their rents. A reduction of 15 per cent was given last November.—Lord Mounteagle has reduced the rents of his tenants at Foynes, in the county of Limerick, 25 per cent.

At Goodwood on Tuesday the Stewards' Cup was won by Mr. Mackenzie's Upset, the Richmond Stakes by Sir F. Johnstone's Friar's Balsam, the Ham Stakes by Lord Bradford's Fretwork, Seabreeze, the Gratiwicks Stakes by Lord Bradford's Fretwork, and the March Stakes by Mr. Abington's Jack o' Lantern.—On Wednesday the Drawing-room Stakes was won by Mr. Lambton's Lasso, the Drayton High-Weight Handicap by Mr. Crest's Tommy Tittlemouse, the Lavant Stakes by Mr. Manton's Life's Mistake, and the Chesterfield Cup by Sir F. Johnstone's Spot.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

If many wealthy people had been present at the People's Palace on Monday last, surely the funds of that great enterprise would have received a notable accession; so vast and so interesting were the crowds of people there on that day, and so evident was it that they were of the class for which the palace was designed. Evident it was, too, in their faces and in their whole aspect, how hard their lives are, and how sorely they need a little amusement. The intent, earnest look which at the West End is only seen on the faces of a few professional and other hard-working men, is at the East the general expression. Life is a serious business there; not altogether the doleful and by no means the invariably degraded business which some writers have represented, but earnest and anxious, and but little lightened by leisure or brightened by amusement.

The immediate occasion of my going down was a grand flower show, which her Royal and Imperial Highness the Crown Princess of Germany had expressed her intention of visiting on Monday afternoon last. There were over fifteen thousand people in the building, the flower tents, and the grounds, when her Royal Highness arrived; and later on in the evening we stood and watched yet more thousands putting down their twopences and crowding in, an endless stream of them, as fast as the turnstiles would go round. The ideas which are, perhaps, commonly entertained at the other end of town that all East-End dwellings are in slums, and that all East-Enders are poor, miserable, degraded-looking objects, are as erroneous as notions can possibly be. Many of the streets contain pretty, well-built, and healthy little houses. The people are mostly hard-working and independent folk: labouring for wretched wages, indeed, only too generally, and always having the dread wolf of want within hawling distance, as it were, waiting to pounce whenever protracted illness or accident or break in employment may haply give him the chance; but, nevertheless, they do keep themselves by their own labour, and make their hardy-earned wages meet their daily needs. Therefore they bear upon their faces the impress of serious contact with the realities of life combined with the sense of personal independence. They differ from the working people of country districts by having that indescribable expression of keenness which belongs to city life, and which is produced by the attrition of mind upon mind.

It was very kind, indeed, of the Crown Princess to come all the way from the Isle of Wight to pay a visit to the people's flower-show. The thousands who had gathered to welcome her undoubtedly appreciated their Princess Royal's presence very greatly. Their manner of showing it might be a little uncouth. Numbers of the men never thought of removing their hats; and when her Royal and Imperial Highness, in passing their way, gave them her gracious little bow, replied only with a quick jerk of their felt-hatted heads. But, for all that, their reception was as respectful in meaning as any courtier-like bow and smile that was ever offered to a Royal lady. Over and over again I heard the remark from some poor woman, "Ah, I haven't seen her since the day she was married till now!" The Princess had paid them the compliment of dressing very elegantly. Her gown was of alternate stripes of satin and faille Francaise in Gobelins blue; her mantle, short behind, with stole ends in front, was of écrû Spanish lace over silk of the same colour; and her bonnet, worn above hair smoothly banded off the brow, was a charming little confection of embroidered lace, trimmed with abundant plumes and strings in the same blue as the gown. The Princess also wore very large single pearls as earrings, and gold bangles above her tan Suède gloves. Her Royal Highness was attended by Countess Perponcher, who had a transparent bonnet of pink tulle, a little black silk and jet mantle, and a grey faille Francaise dress. The Princess was received by Sir Edmund Hay Currie, who almost devotes his life to the palace; by Mr. A. Flower, and one or two other gentlemen; but hardly any ladies were present. It was, in fact, a "People's" affair entirely. Two beautiful bouquets were provided, to be presented to the Princess and her Lady-in-Waiting; and the honour of offering these was given to two little girls picked by Sir Edmund Currie from the throng of youngsters who came to see the show.

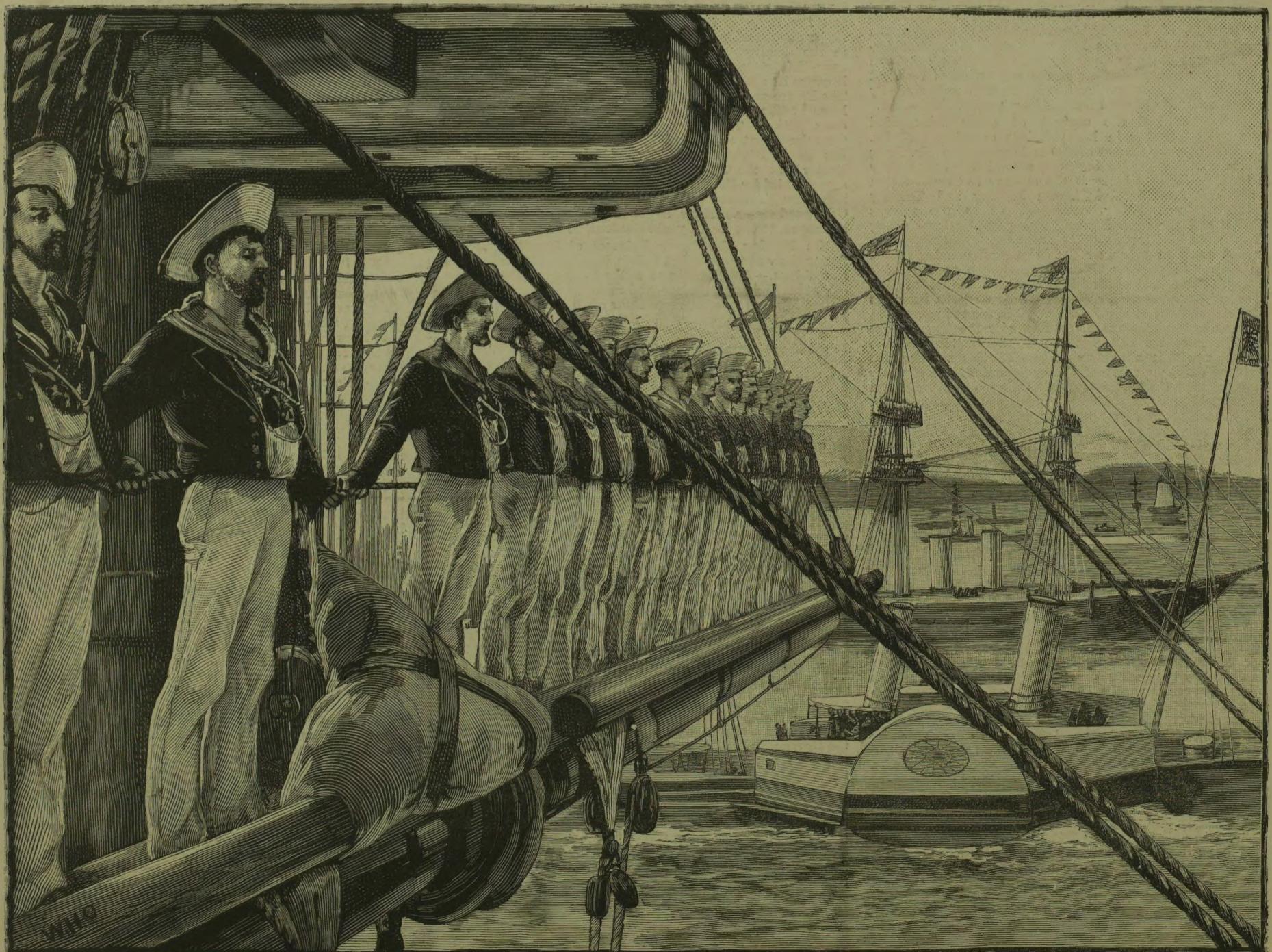
The Princess Royal, after passing through the flower tents, visited the Exhibition of East London Industries, which adjoins the Queen's Hall. Here the curious may see how many of the most beautiful things used at the West-End are produced at the East, from the most splendid brocaded silks downwards. Her Royal Highness stayed quite a good while in the gold-beaters' stall, where skilled workmen were dividing gold into leaves so fine that 300,000 of them must be laid above one another to make an inch of thickness. The Princess stopped at the glassworker's stall while her own name was engraved by him on a tumbler. She entered into conversation with the girls making sacks and sails—terribly hard work for women, as her Royal Highness observed. Then she glanced at some miniature brass work—an arbour covered with a vine, and containing seats, gardening tools, and a bird-cage, all perfect—done by an old man of seventy; and at some wonderfully clever carving and turning of a most minute kind—perfectly finished draughts smaller than peas, dominoes hardly as big as my little finger-nail, cribbage-board, dice, and cards, all being inclosed in an ebony box less than three inches long, but with silver handles and corners and hinges complete—made by a dock-labourer with the face of a poet, who has also entirely constructed his own lathe.

The London School Board have issued a notice to theatrical managers that it is the intention of the Board to prosecute those gentlemen who may employ young children in the next Christmas pantomime. This the Board is able to do, even though the children may be shown to be receiving a sufficient education in the intervals of their work, Lord Sandon's Act of 1876 explicitly giving to Boards the power of prosecuting the employers of children of school age. Whether it be wise to use this authority in such a case as the present seems to me exceedingly doubtful. I have just seen Madame Katti Lanner's pupils dance a really poetic ballet in a big chamber, at Mr. Broadley's "musical afternoon tea." The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, who was one of Mr. Broadley's guests, came forward to a front seat on purpose for this, evidently desirous of observing the little creatures closely. No one present who did so observe but must have been abundantly satisfied that the little things—some of whom were only five and six years old—were happy in their work. They looked well nourished and gay; and their strength was plainly enough indicated by their pirouettes and springing elasticity. On the self-same day, the Minister of Education, replying to a question in the House of Commons, said that it was, unhappily, true that a child in Nichol-street, Shoreditch, Board-school, was recently found to have had no breakfast that morning, and absolutely nothing to eat the whole of the previous day; and, he added, such cases were only too frequent. Surely it is a cheap philanthropy that would rather make a child sit starving on the school bench than let it be dancing for food and clothing; and surely it is a purblind morality that thinks the gutter safer than the stage.—F. F.-M.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD.



THE QUEEN'S ARRIVAL FROM THE ALBERTA ON BOARD THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT: THE FLEET SALUTING.



MANNING THE YARDS.



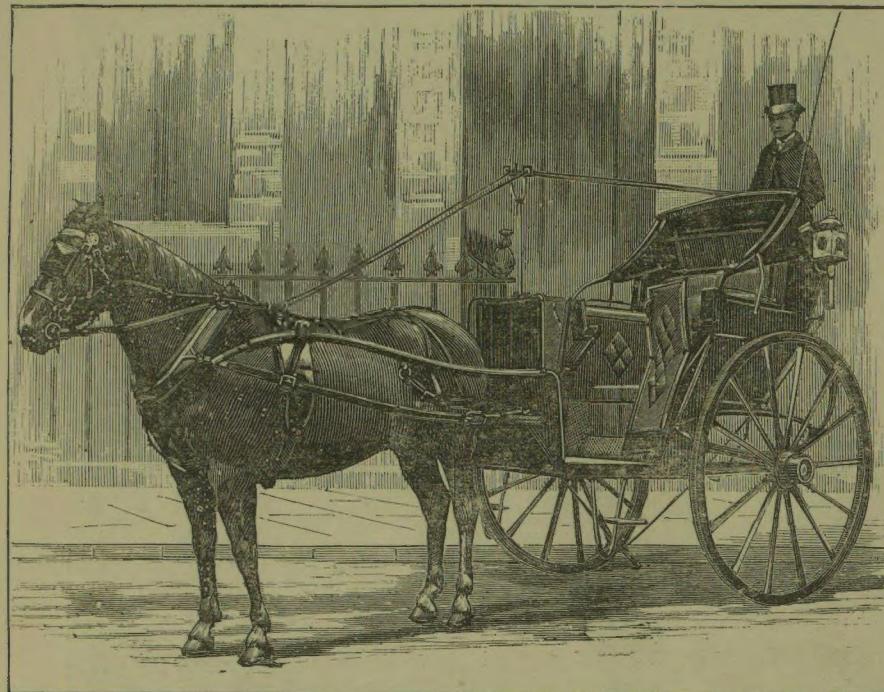
Types of the Navy at the Royal Naval Review at Spithead, July 23.



AT THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE NAVAL REVIEW.

**THE NEW VICTORIA HANSOM  
(ROBINSON'S PATENT).**

There are probably ten thousand Hansom cabs in London, but comparatively few in other large towns of the United Kingdom. Passengers complain, with some cause, of the inconveniences hitherto existing in these vehicles; the awkwardness of getting into them, or alighting from them; and the oscillation, noise, and rattle, in rapid driving. The invention of Mr. J. C. Robinson, who is well known in connection with the development of tramways and other improved



THE VICTORIA HANSOM—OPEN.

methods of street vehicular locomotion in this country, has resulted in the production of the new "Victoria Hansom," which presents very great improvements. It possesses almost entire freedom from the swaying motion usually felt in a two-wheeled vehicle, greater steadiness and a better balance, ease, comfort, and grace of motion. The wheels are fitted with india-rubber tyres. The windows have no jointed wooden frames, making a disagreeable noise when closed; the front and side windows are fitted in metal frames, resting on and working in india-rubber fittings, to be raised or lowered silently by the action of a pedal on the driver's footboard. The act of opening or shutting can be performed while the horse is at full trot, and less than three seconds of time is occupied in the operation. When the driver has to open the cab, he presses the pedal on his foot-board, the result of which is that the windows at the sides descend simultaneously and noiselessly, and disappear within the lower frames, while the hinder part of the roof folds back towards him; whereupon, stretching forward one hand, he draws in the front part of the roof, which he brings neatly down upon the part already laid back, the whole being thus held firmly and gracefully together. The passenger is not incommoded by the folding down of the roof, or by any pillars, panels, or uprights, as in some other carriages. The entire operation is noiseless, rapid, and automatically effected; the passenger is hardly aware that anything has happened except that he is now seated in an elegant open "Victoria," an agreeable carriage on two wheels, instead of being confined in a stuffy closed cab. The opening or closing operation is equally rapid, and equally free from disturbance to the passenger; the windows simultaneously regain their position.

The inventor, Mr. Robinson, has studied the whole subject of the construction and equipment of a popular vehicle, seeking to make its outward appearance elegant and artistic, and, what is practically, perhaps, of more importance, to secure grace and accuracy of poise and easy draught and balance, whether open or shut. This very superior vehicle is adapted to all seasons and climates. Its cost of production is not more than that of the better type of ordinary cab. It is not surprising to learn that this "Victoria Hansom," being at present reserved for private hiring, drivers and the public are willing to pay considerably more than is usually given for ordinary vehicles. The graceful and attractive aspect of the "Robinson Victoria Hansom" is shown in our Illustration. It has already begun to gain fashionable patronage in London; and, it is hoped, will shortly be seen plying for public hire.

The patent rights in Mr. Robinson's invention, so far as this country is concerned, are vested in the Victoria Hansom Cab Company (Limited), who have secured his assistance in organising and managing the undertaking. We understand that a powerful syndicate has been formed to introduce and work the patents in the United States and in Canada; and that applications have been made with a view to the introduction of the "Robinson Victoria Hansom" in the chief cities of the Colonies and Continental Europe. Meantime, Londoners and inhabitants of other cities of Great Britain will soon appreciate this decided improvement.

**THE HOP BITTERS RIFLE TROPHY.**

At the competition on Wimbledon-common, on Tuesday week, for the Jubilee Challenge Trophy presented by the Hop Bitters Company, Limited, to the National Rifle Association, and to be contested yearly, the trophy, with a prize of £25 in money, was won by Armourer-Sergeant Hill, of the 5th Lanarkshire Volunteers, who made a score of 155 in the Volunteers' aggregate of points. The trophy is a fine work of the silversmith's art, manufactured by Messrs. Elkington and Co., from the design of Mr. A. Willms, which is shown in our



THE VICTORIA HANSOM—CLOSED.

Illustration. The base is octagonal, with semicircular ends, supporting figures representing Hygeia and Panacea, daughters of Aesculapius, each with the staff, serpent, globe, and cup. There are four shields, bearing the national emblems of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. A running garland of the hop-plant decorates the exterior of the base; in the centre is a shield with the symbols of Aesculapius and Mars. Rising from the base is a second platform bearing a group illustrating the various Volunteer corps in the United Kingdom, and two shields with bas-reliefs of military and medical appliances. Between these are suspended wreaths of hops. Above these are four emblematical figures of the nationalities, supporting shields enamelled with the insignia of their patron saint; and a central canopy or temple, inclosing a statuette of Aesculapius, the four pillars being elaborately decorated with the hop-plant, flags, wreaths, &c. The base of the temple is embellished with four scenes of important events in the reign of Queen Victoria; namely, her Coronation; the opening of the 1851 Exhibition; the inauguration of the Volunteer Camp at Wimbledon; and the Proclamation of the Queen as Empress of India. The whole is surmounted by a winged figure carrying an escutcheon, with the well-known green hop cluster and words "Hop Bitters," the former enamelled in green and the latter in black, exactly as appears on the labels of the Company's bottles. The silver is in weight upwards of 2000 oz., and its value is 1000 guineas.

of 274. The silver medallist, Armourer-Sergeant Hill, 5th Lanark, took the second place with a score of 268, and he was closely followed by Private Bain with 266. Corporal Pollard, 1st Herts, came fourth with 265, and Corporal Parry, 2nd Cheshire, fifth with 262; Sergeant Akhurst, 12th Middlesex, sixth with the same total, and Sergeant Langstroth, Canada, seventh with 260.

There were several team competitions on Wednesday—the Kolapore Cup being won by the mother country, with Canada second; the Chancellors' Plate by Oxford University, who scored 639 against Cambridge's 604; and the United Services Cup by the Volunteers.

The Elcho Challenge Shield was competed for on Thursday, the totals of all the teams being far above those of last year. England won with an aggregate of 1570, Scotland was next with 1559, and Ireland third with 1536. The Public Schools match for the Ashburton Shield was won by Eton, and the Spencer Cup by Sergeant Carpmael, of Dulwich. The Dorsetshire team won the Yeomanry Challenge Cup, and Wellington College the Volunteer Cadet Match.

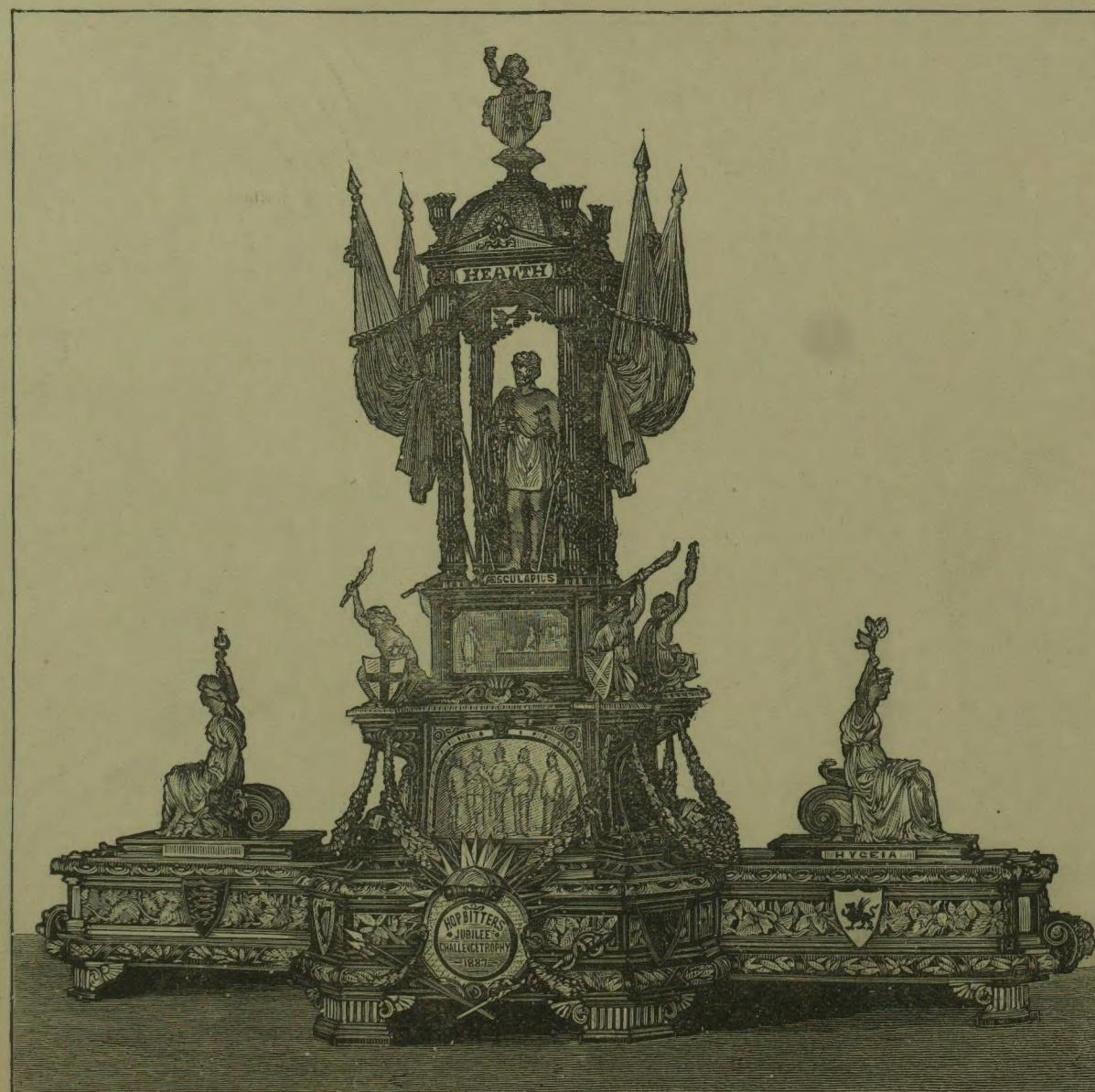
Yesterday week the 1st Ayrshire Yeomanry won the first prize in the Loyd-Lindsay Competition with 104 points; the second prize going to the 2nd Dorset, who made the same score, but had 14 points deducted for time allowance. The 13th Middlesex took first prize in the Mappin Competition with 178 points; the 12th Middlesex taking second with 171.

Private Adams, 5th Durham, won the Olympic; and Captain Gibbs, 2nd Gloucester, the Dudley.

The meeting came to a close last Saturday with the Cambridge competition for mounted teams of the regular Army, the prize being taken by the 14th Hussars. Subsequently the prizes were distributed by the Duchess of Albany, the last being the Queen's Prize, which was handed to Lieutenant Warren amid loud cheers.

The Indian subscriptions to the Imperial Institute now amount to over six lakhs of rupees.

The spectators of the grand Naval Review at Spithead may be pleased to learn the symbolic composition of the "Union Jack"; and it is worthy the study, at this crisis, of Unionist politicians. Captain Winter, of West View, Ryde, has devised a very pretty and ingenious combination of five coloured diagrams, folding interchangeably, which, in one minute's manipulation, teach the eye and the memory how the old naval flags of England, Scotland, and Ireland, the crosses of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, on their proper grounds, are now represented in harmonious unity. King James I., who wrote his name "Jacques," at the beginning of his reign in England, being also King of Scotland, ordered the flags of these two Kingdoms to be combined in what was then called "the Union Jacques," and British sailors naturally made the name "Jack." The Irish flag was added in 1801, after the legislative union of Ireland with Great Britain. Captain Winter's pretty folding paper, in a coloured envelope bearing the title, "The Union of Great Britain and Ireland, Illustrated," with the loyal and patriotic motto, "Union is Strength," is sold, or ought to be sold, by the booksellers and newsagents in Portsmouth, and by some in London.



THE HOP BITTERS TROPHY, SHOT FOR AT WIMBLEDON.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

We who have not seen Rachel must surely own that Sara Bernhardt is the greatest dramatic artist, the finest exponent of tragedy—nay, one of the very few examples of genius, that the stage has given us in our time. Ristori—in her best days—may have been more severely classical, and Aimée Descleé in certain characters her superior in introspection and searching analysis of the soul; but in passages of love, hate, terror, and despair, in all that is passionately human in woman as contrasted with the spiritual, Sara Bernhardt has had, and has, no rival whatever. We who study acting as an art remember well the first introduction to a great artist, the impression she made on us, the strange agitation her acting caused. I can recall, as if it were yesterday, pacing about the corridors and foyers of the Théâtre Français, standing under that cruelly satirical and ghastly grinning face of Voltaire, who seems to speak to you as you gaze upon his pinched-up features; I remember wandering in a crowd of chattering strangers longing for someone to talk to, with whom to compare notes, the night I first saw Sara Bernhardt in "Hernani." She was in the spring-time of her art, youthful, ambitious, energetic. Her incomparable voice was at its sweetest pitch of perfection. The great artist had not then been "fouled in the meshes" of the unpoetical world of commerce. She was an artist then, bound to a community of art, living for art, and art alone. Her *Dona Sol* was a grand performance. Her death-scene was tragedy in its highest and noblest significance. She could impress and agitate. Her art was suggestive, and a strong stimulant to the imagination. That first impression, interesting as it was, only served to add excitement to subsequent creations and revivals. I may be a heretic when I declare that I prefer Desclée's *Frou-Frou* to that of Sara Bernhardt. I am not sure that I should not add the *Frou-Frou* of Jane Hading also; that I think Modjeska's *Camille* was, in some respects, a more interesting study. But when we talk of Adrienne, Fédora, Théodora, Mrs. Clarkson, Phèdre, we have seen but one unequalled genius in these characters—Sara Bernhardt. A most capricious genius, surely. I have seen her play so carelessly that she has not made one pulse in her audience stir. The next night I have seen every creature sitting at the play literally spell-bound. Often on one night she has played half the drama with indifference, the second part with consummate power. Last year she was surely very careless: untidy in her make-up, indifferent, listless, apparently out of sorts. We thought that we should never see the same Sara again, and must be content to live on the sweets of our memories. Fatigued by travel, worried by care, harassed by commerce, the artist was sunk in the commercial star.

Suddenly, however, a change comes o'er the spirit of her artistic dream. It may be the visit to the flower-land of South America; it may be the hallowing influence of the artistic atmosphere of the Lyceum; it may be an endeavour to wipe out bad impressions. But certain it is that Sara Bernhardt has not for years played so well in London as she has done this season. She is once more artist and actress, and the murder of Marcellus in "Théodora," as played by her on the first night of her present engagement, is surely one of the finest things she has ever done. Soon after this tricky, bad play was produced in Paris, I saw it one Sunday night at the Porte St. Martin Theatre—a dirty, untidy place, to which a London transpontine manager would be ashamed to summon his guests. The play and the acting made very little impression on me. The one was unequal, the other artificial. That first impression was not wholly removed by subsequent performances in London. The great actress whined and intoned the majority of her scenes. All that is over now. She has corrected the mannerisms that were growing upon her and ruining her style. And now Théodora is one of her very finest parts—when she likes to give herself up to it. Who that saw it could ever forget the face of the love-sick, despairing woman transformed into that of a cruel murderer, as with desperate energy she nerves herself for the attack and plunges the "bare bodkin" into the heart of the bound Marcellus, for fear lest in his death-agony he should betray to her husband the name of the man she loves. Nor was this a merely exceptional instance of Sara Bernhardt's genius, it was no occasional moment of inspiration, for again and again she showed, in this and other plays, a grasp of her subject and a harmony of idea that she has seldom shown before. Genius is proverbially erratic. It is quite certain that Edmund Kean never played Othello or Shylock with the same power and persuasive force on successive nights; but it is marvellous that an actress who has to play so much oftener and under greater strain than Edmund Kean should be as good as she is, and it is satisfactory once more to part with Sara Bernhardt for a time only, it may be hoped, having seen her at her very best.

"The Colonel" is a play with a purpose, and a purpose that is extremely limited. It was written by Mr. Frank Burnand in 1881, at the time that the "aesthetic craze" was at its height, when our public picture galleries on "show days" were filled with demented females in extravagant gowns; when ordinary conversation was interlarded with a crack-brained phraseology peculiar to this effeminate cult; and when a good many of us were making ourselves very ridiculous in our own eyes and those of our immediate neighbours. Mr. Burnand, selecting as his basis an old French play, "Le Mari à la Campagne," handled his subject admirably. His satire was not savage. There was a cheery spirit of chaff in all his ridicule. "The Colonel," thanks to Beerbohm-Tree—a model aesthete—Mr. Coghlan, Miss Cissy Grahame, and Miss Amy Roselle, was as well acted as it was written, and made an enormous success, both in London and in the provinces. So successful, indeed, was the country company headed by Mr. Edgar Bruce that the Prince of Wales persuaded the Queen to see the play, one autumn, at Abergeldie.

The reason for reviving "The Colonel" at this particular time is not quite obvious. The aesthetic fad, like most other fads, has died a natural death. The Chadbands of artistic culture have been silenced as to their silly jargon, and compelled to submit to the tonsure. The words "precious," "dainty," and "too too" have died out of our accepted vocabulary. Nothing remains of "The Colonel" but Mr. Burnand's admirable dialogue. It is an echo, not a reality. But even the staleness of the subject might be forgiven, if it were only well played. The old hands are as good as ever, but the new-comers are not only weak, but occasionally vulgar. Now, the aesthete of the past or the present may be affected, but assuredly is never vulgar. Mr. Edgar Bruce, the Colonel, and Mr. W. Herbert, the erratic husband, are as good as ever. They thoroughly understand the spirit and the intention of the comedy. But the aesthetic division—with the exception perhaps of Miss Helen Layton—consider that the purpose of the play is to posture and attitudinise to the point of nonsensical exaggeration. "The Colonel" is what the French call a "pièce de circonstance," but the social epidemic that prompted it is over, and it is to be feared that, as acted at the Comedy, it will not have very much chance of success.

After the new drama by Mr. Pettitt and Mr. Sydney Grundy, called "The Bells of Haslemere," is produced at the Adelphi on Thursday—too late for notice this week—there will be a lull until September, a month of considerable theatrical activity. For we are promised new plays by Mr. Robert Buchanan at the revived and revised Novelty, to be directed by Miss Harriett Jay; by Mr. Cecil Raleigh and Mr. Claude Carton, both at the Olympic and Globe; by Mr. Augustus Harris and Paul Merritt at old Drury, and at a Drury-Lane matinée an ambitious tragedy written by a very clever young lady—Miss Clotilde Graves—for which the services of Miss Sophie Eyre have been specially engaged. Meanwhile, let us exchange the stalls and the footlights for the mountains and the sea.

C. S.

## MUSIC.

## ITALIAN OPERA.—DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

The operatic performances closed here on Saturday night with a repetition of "Faust."

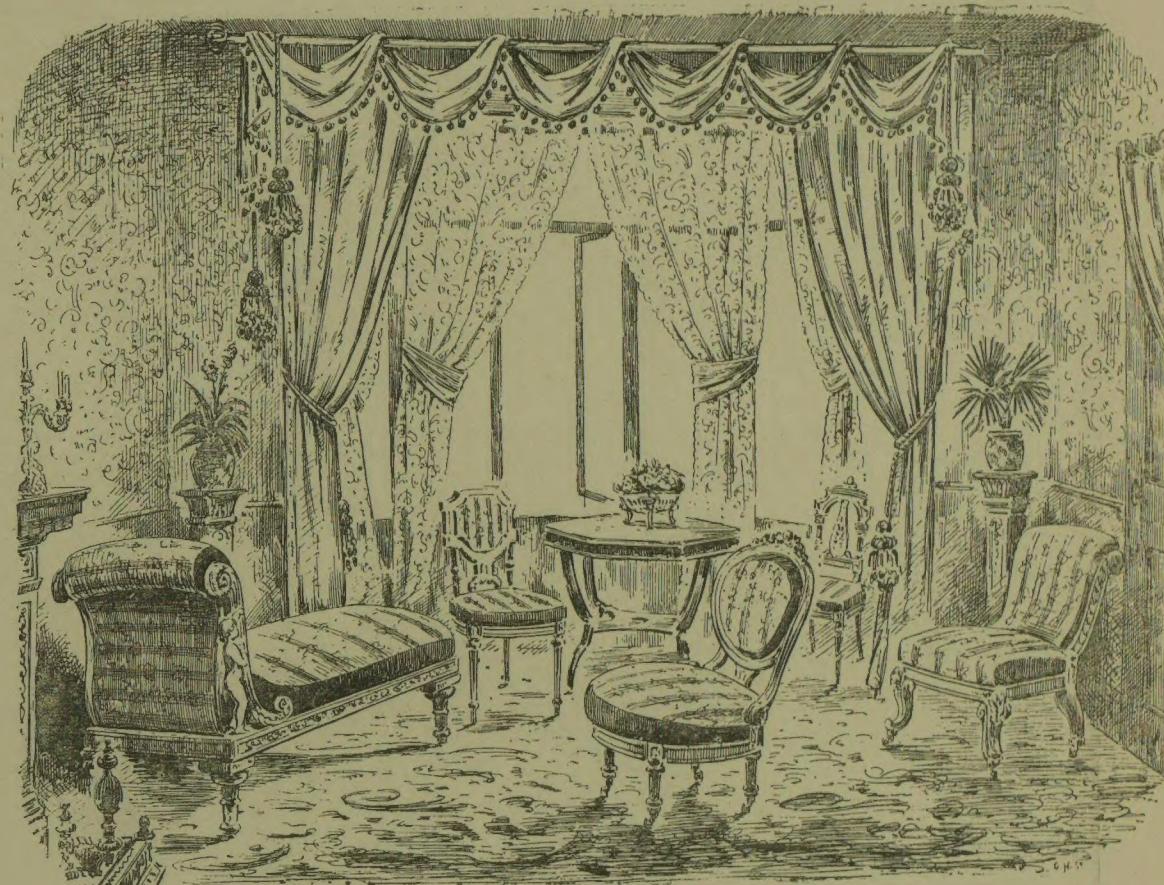
The season was not prolonged as had been expected, but terminated—as originally intended—on Saturday night, having thus completed the six weeks' performances announced in Mr. Augustus Harris's programme.

The season has been remarkable on several accounts; first for activity, performances having been given every night of the week since the opening on June 13. Although two or three of the engagements turned out to be failures, or quasi failures, on the other hand some have been eminently successful, notably those of Mdlle. Sigrid Arnoldson, M. Jean De Reszké, and Signori Navarrini and Battistini, who made their first appearances here—the company having derived especial strength from the co-operation of such excellent artists as Madame Minnie Hauk, Madame Lilian Nordica, Mdlle. Marie Engle, Madame Tremelli, MM. Maurel and E. De Reszké, Signori Runcio, Del Puente, Pandolfini, and others who had previously been associated with the Italian opera stage in London.

Some of the Drury-Lane performances (among them those of "Aida," "Carmen," "Les Huguenots," "Lohengrin," and

## THE WELCOME CLUB.

The new Welcome Club, in the grounds of the popular American Exhibition, was opened last week. Within sight of the switch-back railway, and within sound of the music of the band, a picturesque little club-house has been erected, furnished and provided with every comfort, and, as its name implies, offering a hearty welcome to its guests. Only gentlemen are admitted as members of the club, but each member may bring with him a lady guest; one part of the building has been set apart for their sole use, and is called the Ladies' Pavilion. The inviting entrance-hall, approached from the garden by a flight of steps and a covered verandah, is delightfully cool and shady, even in the hottest weather. Here is an attractive buffet, draped with electric-blue plush and Oriental fringes, where American iced drinks may be obtained in endless variety. It is furnished with a pretty terra-cotta wall-paper; an electric lamp of beaten brass is in the centre of the ceiling, and there are artistic wall-lights, in ormolu, with plaques of blue and white enamel. To the left of the entrance-hall is a cool and spacious dining-room, where an excellent menu is served by a competent chef, from five in the evening till half-past eight. On the opposite side of the entrance-hall is the smoking-room, where all the furniture is of American walnut wood, used in combination with dark green morocco. A soft Axminster carpet covers the floor, and the walls are decorated with works of art, including water-colour drawings by Mr. T. B. Hardy and Mr. Dudley Hardy. Here, too, is a piano, for those who care to divert the intervals of smoking by musical interludes. The Royal Pavilion, intended specially for the use of the Royal Princes and Princesses, is a charming little place, effectively decorated, in the Louis XVI. style, with white carved-wood furniture, covered with satin and brocade. The colouring here is highly artistic. The arrangement of the satin portière which drapes the door is particularly noticeable, harmonising with the tapestry wall-covering, the dark dado, the cabinets of satin-wood, and the mirrors, with their white carved frames. Passing across a wide, shady terrace, which is bright with flower-beds, and is amply furnished with tempting seats,



INTERIOR OF THE PRINCE'S PAVILION, WELCOME CLUB, AMERICAN EXHIBITION.

"Faust") have been remarkable for musical completeness and efficiency, all having been conspicuous for splendour of stage effects. Special features have been the presentation of the scene of the Walpurgis Night in "Faust"—hitherto omitted in this country—and of part of the last act of "Les Huguenots," which has not been for many years given here. The orchestra and chorus have been of first-rate quality, and the skilful conducting of Signor Mancinelli, and occasionally that of Mr. Randegger, have been important features in the arrangements. Mr. Harris has engaged some of the members of his company for an operatic tour in the provinces.

The contemplated complimentary benefit to Signor Lago, the respected lessee of the Covent-Garden Royal Italian Opera, could not be given, owing to the departure of the principal artists of the establishment.

The annual distribution of prizes to the students of the London Academy of Music took place at St. George's Hall on Thursday week, the presentation having been made by Mdlle. Ella Russell, the eminent prima donna. Some musical performances on the occasion referred to strongly exemplified the efficiency of the instruction supplied by the institution so ably directed by Dr. Wyde.

The dates of the Worcester Festival performances are fixed for Sept. 6, 7, 8, and 9, to be preceded by the usual grand choral service on the Sunday morning, and closing with an evening service on the Friday. Engagements are already concluded with Madame Albani, Misses Anna Williams, E. Rees, and H. Glenn, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. B. McGuckin, Mr. Brereton, and Mr. W. Mills. A special feature of the festival will be the production (on the Thursday morning) of Mr. Cowen's new oratorio, "Ruth."

The Sacred Harmonic Society's next series of concerts (conducted, as before, by Mr. W. H. Cummings) will be given (again at St. James's Hall) on Thursday, instead of Friday evenings, beginning on Nov. 17, when Signor Bottesini's new oratorio, "The Garden of Olivet," will be performed for the first time in London, after its production at the Norwich Festival, for which occasion it has been composed.

M. Gounod's new mass, in memory of Joan of Arc, was produced in the cathedral of Rheims, last Sunday, and proved very impressive from its musical merit and the historical associations connected with its purpose. No doubt there will be an opportunity, before long, of noticing the work in reference to a London performance of it.

the visitor reaches the Ladies' Pavilion, which forms a separate building. It is a very pretty room, tastefully furnished, with the dainty accessories befitting the use of ladies. A piano fills one corner, in another is a Chippendale writing-table. Glass bowls of roses are placed here and there, while engravings from Tadema and Millais look well upon the pale-blue wall-paper, above a dado of silk tapestry. In fact nothing has been forgotten, and the lady visitors may well look forward to spending many pleasant hours in their Welcome Club pavilion. The whole of the furnishing has been designed and executed by Messrs. Oetzmann, of Hampstead-road, in a manner doing great credit to the artistic taste and workmanship of that firm. The members of the Welcome Club gave a very successful garden-party to their friends one day last week, when numerous distinguished guests were present; among others were Lord and Lady Lamington, Lord Northbrook, Lady Dorothy and Miss Neville, the Countess of Scarborough, Lord and Lady Rothschild, Lord Ronald Gower, Lady McPherson Grant, Lady Louisa Cunningham, and Sir Philip and Lady Cunliffe-Owen.

New colours were presented at Portsmouth on the 21st inst. to the 2nd Battalion Dorset Regiment, better known as the 54th, by Lady Willis, wife of the General commanding the Southern District.

The Duke of Cambridge on Thursday week made his annual inspection of the Foot Guards quartered in London, the 1st and 3rd Battalions of the Grenadiers and the 1st Battalion of the Scots Guards being formed up for the purpose in Hyde Park at half-past nine; next day his Royal Highness presented commissions in the Royal Engineers and Artillery to fifty-four cadets at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich; and on Monday he presented to the pupils of the Royal Naval School, New-cross, the prizes gained during the preceding term.

At a luncheon at the Crystal Palace last week, a testimonial, in the shape of an elegant gold locket, set with diamonds, was presented to Mr. Thomas Molineux. It was purchased by subscriptions from members of the Royal Society of Musicians, to which excellent institution Mr. Molineux has been a liberal benefactor, having contributed some £2000 to the funds of the society. Mr. W. H. Cummings presided on the occasion, and, in presenting the testimonial, made an address setting forth Mr. Molineux's successful self-made career, and recognising his generosity towards the Royal Society of Musicians.

## THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD.



THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT PASSING DOWN THE CENTRE BETWEEN THE LINES OF IRONCLADS.

## OBITUARY.

MR. GREVILLE.

Captain Algernon William Bellingham Greville, of Granard, in the county of Longford, died at his town residence, 45, Sussex-gardens, Hyde Park, on the 14th inst., aged seventy-two. He was one of the chief landed proprietors in the province of Leinster, and had the patronage of five livings. He was eldest son of the late Mr. Algernon Greville, by Caroline, his wife, daughter of Sir Bellingham Graham, Bart., and great grandson of Fulke Greville, of Wilbury, Wilts., author of "Maxims and Characters," who acquired by marriage with the coheiress of the Macartneys a very considerable estate. He was cousin of the first Earl of Warwick. The gentleman whose death we record married, first, in 1844, Margaret, daughter of Mr. Alexander Petty; secondly, in 1847, Mary Fanny, daughter of Mr. Christopher Idle, of North Frith; and thirdly, in 1863, Louisa Fanny, daughter of Major-General Parker, R.A. He leaves issue.

MR. MACKENZIE OF ORD.

Mr. Thomas Mackenzie of Ord, in the county of Ross, Vice-Lieutenant of that county, J.P. for Ross-shire and Cromarty, died at Ord, on the 17th inst., aged ninety. He was the elder son of Alexander Mackenzie of Ord, and represented a well-known branch of the house of Seaforth, descended from Thomas Mackenzie of Keanlochlinchart, who obtained the tack of Ord from Kenneth, Lord Kintail, in 1598. He married, April 27, 1825, Anna Watson, second daughter of Mr. James Fowler, of Raderry and Grange, and leaves one son, Captain Alexander Watson Mackenzie, now of Ord.

MR. VERDIN, M.P.

Mr. Verdin, of The Brockhurst, M.P. for the Northwich Division of Cheshire, died on the 25th inst. He was born March 8, 1835, the son of Mr. Joseph Verdin, of Highfield House, Winsford, and was senior partner in the firm of Verdin and Sons, salt manufacturers, of Winsford, Northwich, and Liverpool. He was elected M.P. July 13, 1886, and sided with the Liberal Unionists.

MR. ALEXANDER PERCEVAL.

Mr. Alexander Perceval, of Temple House, in the county of Sligo, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff in 1882, died on the 22nd inst., aged twenty-seven. He was eldest son of the late Mr. Alexander Perceval, of Temple House, and grandson of Colonel Perceval, M.P. for Sligo and for several years Serjeant-at-Arms to the House of Lords. He married, in 1881, Charlotte Jane, daughter of Mr. Charles William O'Hara, of Annaghmore. The Percevals of Temple House are a branch of the noble house of Egmont.

MR. WATERTON.

Mr. Edmund Waterton, F.S.A., of Deeping, Waterton Hall, in the county of Lincoln, J.P. and D.L., Privy Chamberlain to his Holiness Pius IX., Knight of Christ, and Knight of St. John of Jerusalem, died on the 22nd inst., aged fifty-seven. He was only son of Charles Waterton, of Walton, in the county of York, the eminent naturalist, author of "Wanderings in South America," and he represented one of the grand old families of Yorkshire. Sir John Waterton, of Waterton, fought at the Battle of Agincourt. The accomplished gentleman whose death we record married, first, 1862, Margaret Alicia Josephine, second daughter of the late Sir John Ennis, Bart., of Ballinahown, in the county of West Meath; and secondly, 1881, Helen, only child of Mr. John Mercer, J.P., of Alston Hall, Lancashire, and leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Professor Wallace, for over twenty years Professor of Christian Ethics in Belfast College, on the 25th inst., in his eighty-sixth year.

Mr. Lindsey Holland Butler, eldest son of the late Hon. Charles Lennox Butler, and nephew of the late Lord Dunboyne, on the 13th inst., aged fifty.

The Rev. George Alton, Wesleyan minister, of Northampton, on the 17th inst., in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and the forty-first of his ministry, for many years missionary at Gibraltar.

Mr. Henry Mayhew, first editor of *Punch*, and author of "London Labour and the London Poor," on the 25th inst., at his residence in Charlotte-street, Bedford-square. We hope to be able to give a Portrait of Mr. Mayhew next week.

The Hon. Martha Maude, on the 25th inst., at the advanced age of eighty-six years. The deceased lady was sister to the third Baron Dunalley, and married the Hon. and Very Rev. Robert W. H. Maude, Dean of Clogher, who died in 1861.

Colonel F. Augustus Smith, late of the 43rd Foot, on the 26th inst., in his sixty-first year. He gained the Victoria Cross for the courage he displayed during the New Zealand War of 1864. The deceased gallant officer, who entered the Army in 1849, also served in the Crimean War, including the battles of Alma, Inkermann, and the siege and fall of Sebastopol. He retired from the service in 1878, with the honorary rank of Colonel.

President Cleveland has ordered gold watches and chains to be presented to Mr. J. H. Hurst, master, and Mr. J. H. Gibson, mate, of the British steamer Wydale, for rescuing last month the crew of the American schooner Joseph Baymore.

The new clock-tower presented to the town of Basingstoke, as a Jubilee memorial, by the Mayor (Major May), was unveiled on Thursday week by the Hon. Diana Slater-Booth. The ancient clock, nearly a century and a half old, has been thoroughly restored by Mr. Benson, of Ludgate-hill.

Ham Castle, the property of Sir F. Winnington, situated at Shelsley Beauchamp, about nine miles from Worcester, was completely destroyed by fire on Friday, the 22nd inst. The pools being all dry no water was obtainable, though the river Teme flowed 700 yards away.

An encouragement to the art of tapestry-making in this country, the Corporation of the City some time ago agreed to expend a sum not exceeding £1000, extending over a period of two years, in the purchase of tapestry of approved design from the Royal Tapestry Works at Windsor, of which the Prince of Wales is president. The Library Committee now recommend a further expenditure of £300, in addition to £25, the balance in hand, in the purchase of another piece of tapestry to commemorate the recent visit of her Majesty to the Mansion House.

The association for the reform and codification of the Law of Nations held the first of a series of conferences at the Guildhall, on Monday afternoon. The Lord Mayor, in opening the proceedings, welcomed the members of the association on behalf of the City of London. Mr. Justice Butt, Judge of the Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice, gave the opening address, and Sir Travers Twiss read a paper on international conventions for the neutralisation of territory and their application to the Suez Canal. On Tuesday papers were read on the limits and privileges of territorial waters, and on the circumstances under which it may be justifiable to destroy shipping property at sea. Mr. Henry Richard gave an address on international arbitration.

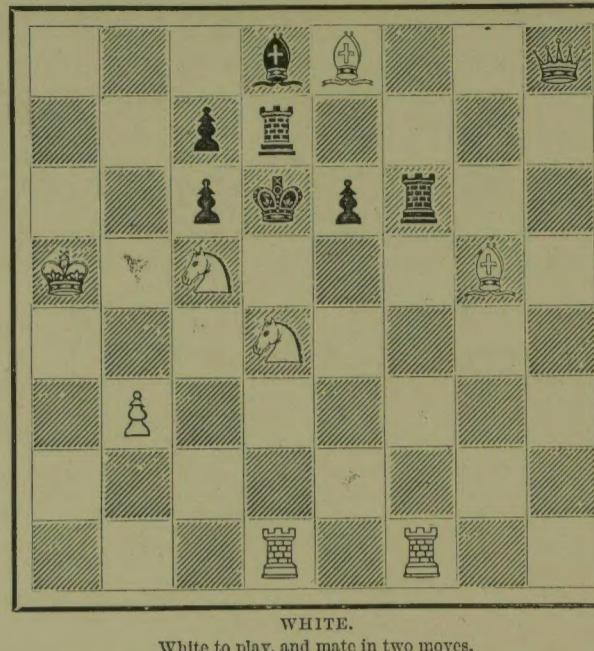
## CHESS.

[Answers to correspondents are unavoidably deferred.]

PROBLEM NO. 2260.

By CAPTAIN CAMPBELL (Lucknow).

BLACK.



MASTERS' TOURNAMENT AT FRANKFORT.

The proceedings of the fifth congress of the German Chess Association were opened at Frankfort-on-the-Main by the president of the local chess club, on Sunday, the 17th inst. Play commenced on the next day, the following being the regulations for the Masters' Tournament:—Play to begin at nine o'clock in the morning, and to be adjourned at one. Play to commence in another round at four o'clock in the afternoon, and to be continued until eight; unfinished games to be played off on special days fixed for the purpose by the committee. The following is the result of each round. Each competitor scores a half for a drawn game; and where no score is appended, the game is unfinished:—

		FIRST ROUND.	SIXTH ROUND.
Alapin .. 1 ..	Gottschall .. 0 ..	Fritz .. ½ .. Noa .. ½ ..	Gunsberg .. 0 .. Burn .. 0 ..
Bardeleben .. 1 ..	Schevo .. 0 ..	Metzer .. ½ .. Weiss .. ½ ..	Metzer .. ½ .. Harmonist .. 0 ..
Berger .. 1 ..	Taubenhaus .. 0 ..	Paulsen .. 1 .. Harmonist .. 0 ..	Schiffers .. 1 .. Schevo .. 0 ..
Blackburne .. 1 ..	Weiss .. 0 ..	Schiffers .. 1 .. Schevo .. 0 ..	Mackenzie, a bye.
Englisch .. ½ ..	Noa .. 0 ..		
Fritz .. ½ ..	Schiffers .. 0 ..		
Gunsberg .. ½ ..	Metzer .. 0 ..		
Mackenzie .. ½ ..	Zukertort .. 0 ..		
Paulsen .. 1 ..	Burn .. 0 ..		
Schallopp .. 0 ..	Harmonist .. 1 ..		
		SECOND ROUND.	SEVENTH ROUND.
Burn .. 0 ..	Englisch .. 1 ..	Burn .. 1 .. Fritz .. 0 ..	Gottschall .. 0 .. Blackburne .. 1 ..
Gottschall .. 1 ..	Berger .. 0 ..	Metzer .. 0 .. Mackenzie .. ½ ..	Harmonist .. 0 .. Englisch .. 1 ..
Harmonist .. 0 ..	Mackenzie .. 1 ..	Taubenhaus .. 1 .. Zukertort .. 0 ..	Mackenzie .. 1 .. Alapin .. 0 ..
Metzer .. ½ ..	Fritz .. 0 ..	Englisch .. 1 .. Tarrasch .. 0 ..	Noa .. 1 .. Schiffers .. 0 ..
Noa .. 0 ..	Bardeleben .. 1 ..	Fritz .. 0 .. Taubenhaus .. 1 ..	Schallopp .. ½ .. Berger .. ½ ..
Schevo .. 0 ..	Blackburne .. 0 ..	Metzer .. 0 .. Taubenhaus .. 1 ..	Schevo .. 1 .. Metzer .. 0 ..
Tarrasch .. 0 ..	Schallopp .. 0 ..	Tarrasch .. 1 .. Paulsen .. 0 ..	Tarrasch .. 1 .. Paulsen .. 0 ..
Taubenhaus .. 1 ..	Paulsen .. 0 ..	Bardeleben .. 1 .. Zukertort .. 0 ..	Gunsberg .. 1 .. Blackburne .. 1 ..
Weiss .. ½ ..	Gunsberg .. 0 ..	Englisch .. 1 .. Tarrasch .. 0 ..	Zukertort .. 0 .. Bardeleben .. 0 ..
Zukertort .. 0 ..	Alapin .. 0 ..	Fritz .. 0 .. Taubenhaus .. 1 ..	Alapin, a bye.
		THIRD ROUND.	EIGHTH ROUND.
Alapin .. 1 ..	Harmonist .. 0 ..	Bardeleben .. 1 .. Harmonist .. 0 ..	Alapin .. ½ .. Berger .. 0 ..
Bardeleben .. ½ ..	Burn .. 0 ..	Berger .. ½ .. Mackenzie .. ½ ..	Burn .. 1 .. Metzer .. 0 ..
Berger .. 1 ..	Zukertort .. 0 ..	Blackburne .. 0 .. Zukertort .. 0 ..	Gottschall .. 1 .. Tarrasch .. 0 ..
Blackburne .. 1 ..	Noa .. 0 ..	Englisch .. 1 .. Mackenzie .. 0 ..	Harmonist .. 1 .. Blackburne .. 0 ..
Englisch .. ½ ..	Taubenhaus .. 0 ..	Metzer .. 0 .. Noa .. 0 ..	Mackenzie .. 1 .. Paulsen .. 0 ..
Fritz .. 0 ..	Weiss .. 0 ..	Paulsen .. 1 .. Schallopp .. 0 ..	Alapin .. 1 .. Schevo .. 0 ..
Gunsberg .. 0 ..	Schevo .. 0 ..	Burn .. 0 .. Burn .. 0 ..	Alapin .. 1 .. Schevo .. 0 ..
Mackenzie .. 1 ..	Tarrasch .. 0 ..	Zukertort .. 0 .. Zukertort .. 0 ..	Alapin .. 1 .. Schevo .. 0 ..
Paulsen .. 1 ..	Gottschall .. 0 ..	Gunsberg .. 0 .. Harmonist .. 0 ..	Alapin .. 1 .. Schevo .. 0 ..
Schiffers .. 0 ..	Metzer .. 0 ..	Metzer .. 0 .. Taubenhaus .. 0 ..	Alapin .. 1 .. Schevo .. 0 ..
		FOURTH ROUND.	NINTH ROUND (Saturday, July 23).
Burn .. 0 ..	Blackburne .. 0 ..	Bardeleben .. 1 .. Schallopp .. 0 ..	Alapin .. ½ .. Berger .. 0 ..
Gottschall .. 0 ..	Englisch .. 1 ..	Blackburne .. 0 .. Tarrasch .. 0 ..	Burn .. 1 .. Metzer .. 0 ..
Harmonist .. 0 ..	Berger .. 0 ..	Englisch .. 1 .. Mackenzie .. 0 ..	Gottschall .. 1 .. Tarrasch .. 0 ..
Noa .. 0 ..	Gunsberg .. 0 ..	Fritz .. 0 .. Zukertort .. 0 ..	Harmonist .. 1 .. Blackburne .. 0 ..
Schallopp .. 0 ..	Mackenzie .. 1 ..	Fritz .. 0 .. Harmonist .. 0 ..	Mackenzie .. 1 .. Paulsen .. 0 ..
Schevo .. 0 ..	Fritz .. 0 ..	Metzer .. 0 .. Zukertort .. 0 ..	Noa .. 0 .. Schevo .. 0 ..
Tarrasch .. 0 ..	Alapin .. 0 ..	Metzer .. 0 .. Zukertort .. 0 ..	Schallopp .. ½ .. Bardeleben .. ½ ..
Taubenhaus .. 0 ..	Bardeleben .. 0 ..	Metzer .. 0 .. Zukertort .. 0 ..	Gunsberg .. 0 .. Burnsberg .. 0 ..
Weiss .. ½ ..	Schiffers .. 0 ..	Metzer .. 0 .. Zukertort .. 0 ..	Schevo, a bye.
Zukertort .. 0 ..	Paulsen .. 0 ..	Metzer .. 0 .. Zukertort .. 0 ..	
		FIFTH ROUND.	
Alapin .. 0 ..	Schallopp .. 0 ..	Paulsen .. 0 .. Alapin .. 0 ..	
Berger .. ½ ..	Tarrasch .. 0 ..	Schevo .. 0 .. Berger .. 0 ..	
Bardeleben .. 1 ..	Gottschall .. 0 ..	Schiffers .. 0 .. Gottschall .. 0 ..	
Blackburne .. 1 ..	Taubenhaus .. 0 ..	Weiss .. 0 .. Burnsberg .. 0 ..	
Englisch .. ½ ..	Zukertort .. 0 ..		
		TENTH ROUND.	ELEVENTH ROUND.
Burn .. 0 ..	Schevo .. 0 ..	Englisch .. ½ .. Berger .. 0 ..	Englisch .. ½ .. Berger .. 0 ..
Taubenhaus .. ½ ..	Weiss .. 0 ..	Bardeleben .. 0 .. Alapin .. 0 ..	Bardeleben .. 0 .. Alapin .. 0 ..
Gottschall .. 0 ..	Metzer .. 0 ..	Blackburne .. 0 .. Mackenzie .. 0 ..	Blackburne .. 0 .. Mackenzie .. 0 ..
Zukertort .. 0 ..	Schiffers .. 0 ..	Gunsberg .. 0 .. Schallopp .. 0 ..	Gunsberg .. 0 .. Schallopp .. 0 ..
Harmonist .. ½ ..	Fritz .. 0 ..	Fritz .. 0 .. Tarrasch .. 0 ..	Fritz .. 0 .. Tarrasch .. 0 ..
Tarrasch .. 0 ..	Gunsberg .. 0 ..	Schiffers .. 0 .. Harmonist .. 0 ..	Schiffers .. 0 .. Harmonist .. 0 ..
Schallopp .. 0 ..	Blackburne .. 0 ..	Metzer .. 0 .. Zukertort .. 0 ..	Metzer .. 0 .. Zukertort .. 0 ..
Mackenzie .. ½ ..	Bardeleben .. 0 ..	Weiss .. 0 .. Gottschall .. 0 ..	Weiss .. 0 .. Gottschall .. 0 ..
Alapin .. 0 ..	Englisch .. 0 ..	Alapin .. 0 .. Burnsberg .. 0 ..	Alapin .. 0 .. Burnsberg .. 0 ..
Berger .. 0 ..	Paulsen .. 0 ..	Burn .. 0 .. Burn .. 0 ..	Burn .. 0 .. Burn .. 0 ..
		TWELFTH ROUND.	
Taubenhaus .. 0 ..	Noa .. 0 ..	Mackenzie .. 0 .. Burnsberg .. 0 ..	
Gottschall .. 0 ..	Schevo .. 0 ..	Alapin .. 0 .. Blackburne .. 0 ..	
Harmonist .. 0 ..	Metzer .. 0 ..	Berger .. 0 .. Bardeleben .. 0 ..	
Schallopp .. 0 ..	Fritz .. 0 ..	Paulsen .. 0 .. Englisch .. 0 ..	
Zukertort .. 0 ..	Weiss .. 0 ..	Burn .. 0 .. Burn .. 0 ..	

The remaining games in this round were unfinished.

Number of Games played	Score	Number of Games played	Score
Alapin ..	11 .. 4½	Metzer ..	11 .. 4½
Bardeleben ..	12 .. 9	Noa ..	11 .. 3½
Berger ..	11 .. 6½	Paulsen, L.	11 .. 7
Blackburne ..	12 .. 9½	Schallopp ..	11 .. 6
Burn ..	11 .. 4½	Schevo ..	11 .. 5
Englisch ..	12 .. 8	Schiffers ..	10 .. 4½
Fritz ..	12 .. 3	Tarrasch ..	10 .. 4
Gottschall ..	12 .. 4	Taubenhaus ..	12 .. 6
Gunsberg ..	11 .. 4½	Weiss, Max ..	11 .. 6½
Harmonist ..	12 .. 4	Zukertort ..	11 .. 5
Mackenzie ..	11 .. 8½		

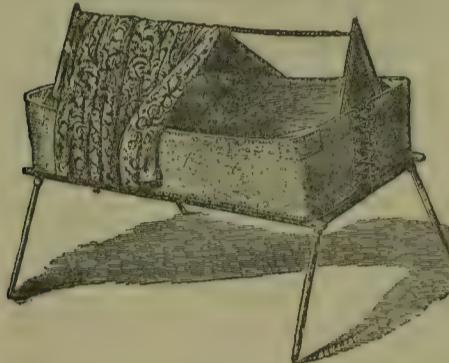
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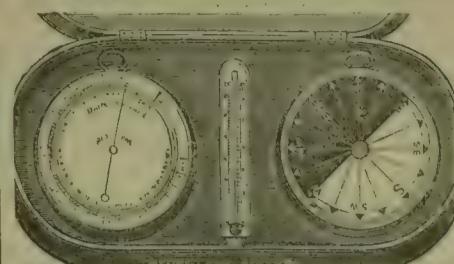
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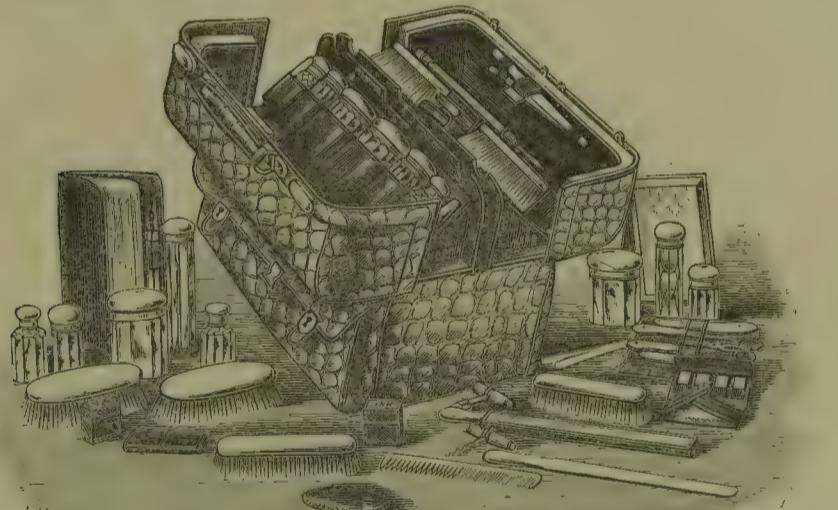
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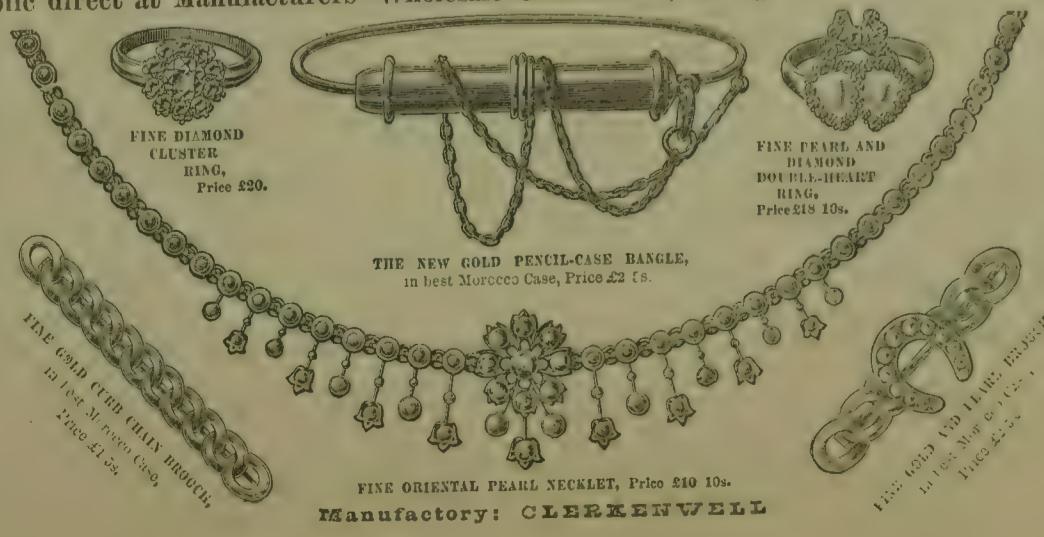
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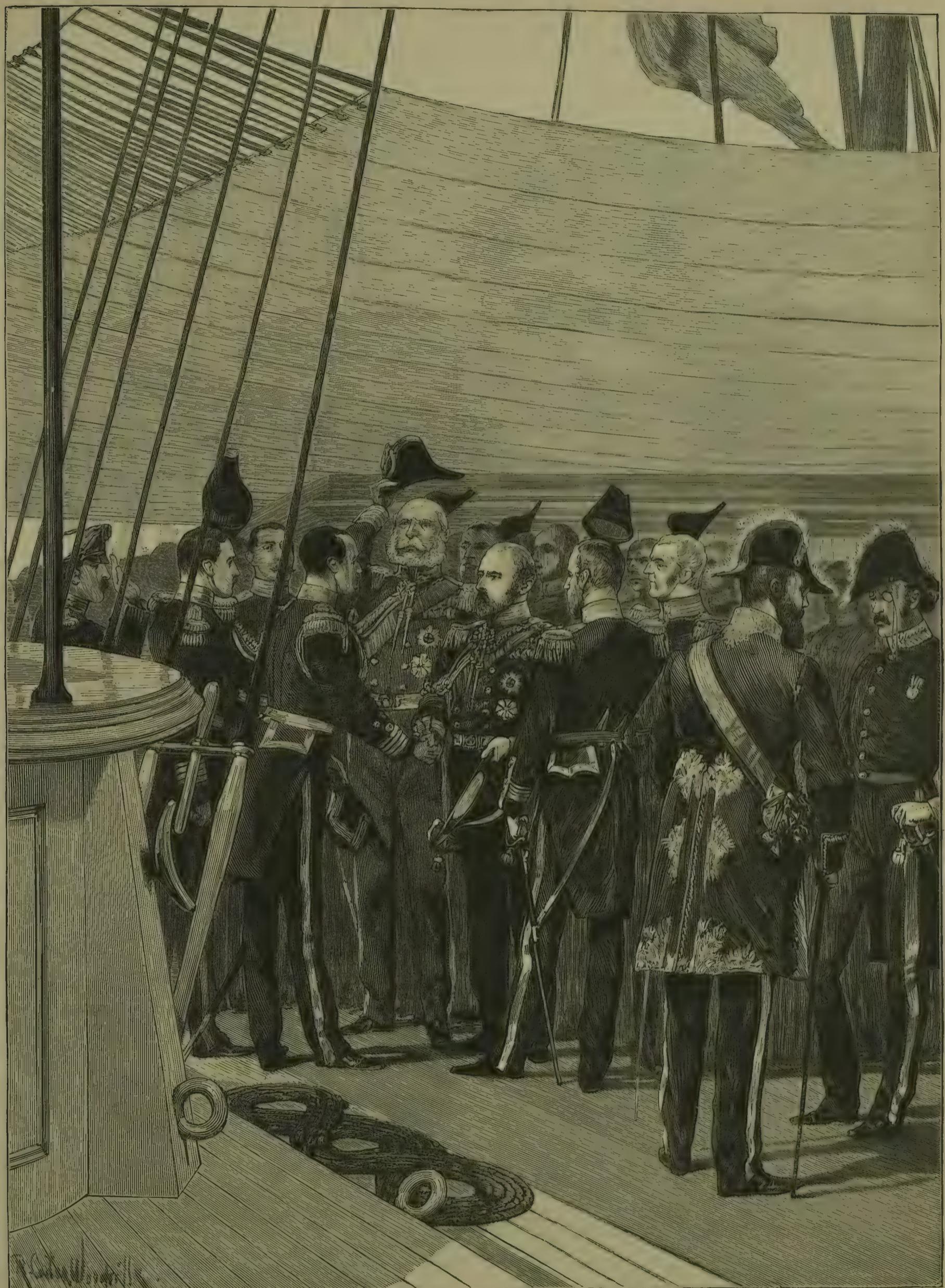
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## OUR ARTISTS AT THE NAVAL REVIEW.

Several of our Artists are indebted to various Commanders and Companies for enabling them to sketch the salient points of the Naval Review for the *Illustrated London News*. Mr. R. Caton Woodville (who has just returned with a budget of drawings from Morocco, where he and his fellow-travellers were most hospitably welcomed by the Sultan) had the honour, by gracious permission of her Majesty, to be on board the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert on Saturday; he is preparing a characteristic and striking Illustration of a most interesting incident, the reception of the naval officers by the Queen. Mr. L. Speed made his sketches on board the immense Silvertown cable-ship, belonging to the India Rubber, Gutta Percha, and Telegraph Works Company, whose gracefully-bestowed hospitality on board ship was most agreeable to their visitors; and whose penetrating electric "search-lights" during the splendid illuminations at night sent vast flashes of daylight, as it were, across the dark waters. Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, could not have been received more cordially than he was by the directors of the London and South Western Railway, from whose commodious steam-boat Southampton a fine view was obtained; and similar facilities were most obligingly granted to our Marine Artist, Mr. W. H. Overend, who witnessed the sight from H.M.S. Assistance. We have also to acknowledge the courtesy with which

another of our Marine Artists, Mr. J. R. Wells, was received on board the Indian troop-ship Himalaya, commanded by Captain John E. Stokes, R.N., and had full opportunity for his work on Saturday. Captain S. P. Oliver, late of the Royal Artillery, also took sketches for us on board H.M.S. Euphrates, which conveyed the Peers and Cabinet Ministers. Yet another of our Artists, Mr. Maynard Brown, with a gentleman on our literary staff, was hospitably received by Mr. George Draper, as visitors on board the John Pender cable-ship (now *en voyage* to Zanzibar); and Mr. Maynard Brown sketched the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert as seen from that vessel. It chanced that two other fine cable-ships of the Eastern Telegraph Company, the Mirror and the Electra, were at night among the most brilliantly illuminated vessels off Ryde. The chairman of the company, Mr. Pender, was entertaining General Lord Wolseley, Lord Derby, Sir Frederick Leighton, and other distinguished guests on board the Mirror. The tasteful display of incandescent lamps from the Mirror vied with the lustrous electric lights of the Electra, where Sir James Anderson, managing director, was the genial entertainer of a large number of guests.

Some of the Illustrations we have prepared are unavoidably deferred, for want of space, to our next week's publication.

Mr. F. W. Pember, B.A., Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, has been elected to the Eldon Law Scholarship.

## WOMEN'S WORK AND WOMEN'S WAGES.

Mr. Walter Besant, as hon. treasurer of the committee of the Working Women's Conference, appeals to all persons who are in a position to know the real facts about working women to assist his committee by collecting information. The subjects on which information is sought are:

1. What agencies are there established by or for working women?
2. What are the relations of women's work to social life?
3. What are the wages, hours, and other conditions of such work? Sets of questions have been drawn up under each of these heads, and all ladies and others who have, or may be able to get, accurate information are earnestly requested to communicate with Mr. Besant forthwith, at the Adelphi Hotel, Adam-street, W.C.

The imports into Liverpool of live stock and fresh meat from American and Canadian ports for the week ending Saturday show an increase of 365 cattle and 108 sheep, and a decrease of 1155 qrs. of beef, compared with the previous week.

Mr. A. J. Balfour attended a Privy Council in Dublin last Saturday, and afterwards a special *Dublin Gazette* was published proclaiming eighteen counties under the Coercion Act, thirteen other counties being partially proclaimed. Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Belfast, and other cities and towns were also partially proclaimed.

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## ANNS—TOMBS—SHEPHERD—LOADMAN.

Pursuant to an Order of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, made in the Matter of the Estate of Thomas Anns, deceased, and in an Action Gauntlett v. Clark, 1886, A No. 1608, the persons claiming to be Children or other Issue of Brothers and Sisters of the Testator, Thomas Anns, late of No. 9, North-crescent, Bedford-square, in the County of Middlesex, Gentleman, who died on or about the 10th day of February, 1884, are by their Solicitors, on or before the 1st December, 1887, to come in and prove their claims at the Chambers of Mr. Justice North, at the Royal Courts of Justice, London, or in default thereof they will be permitted to be heard from the benefit of the said Order. Thursday, the 15th December, 1887, at 12 o'clock at noon, at the said Chambers, is appointed for hearing and adjudicating upon the Claims.

Dated this 8th July, 1887.

ALFRED RAWLINSON, Chief Clerk.  
WM. HY. NICHOLLS,  
10, Lincoln's Inn-fields, London,  
Plaintiff's Solicitor.

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SATURDAY, July 30, from Victoria



DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE.

"Avant, and quit my sight!" cried Phoebe, seizing the rolling-pin and striking an attitude.

## MISER FAREBROTHER.\*

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "IN A SILVER SEA," "GRIF," "GREAT PORTER-SQUARE," &c.

### CHAPTER IX.

A NEW DOMESTIC DRAMA, BY UNCLE LETH.



delving, as he walked, in a more than usually glowing day-dream. There exists in a great number of poor and struggling families a common sympathetic legend of a relation who ran away from home when very young, who has made a fabulous fortune in a distant land, and who will one day suddenly present himself to his astonished kinsfolk, and fill their hearts with joy by pouring untold gold into their laps. This good genius is always a grey-headed old man, with bright eyes and a soul of good nature, and is, of course, invariably a bachelor—a delightful fiction which ensures comfortable portions to the marriageable girls. "The Indies" used to be the favourite locality in which the runaway uncle or cousin made and saved his fortune, but of late years Australia and America have been pressed into service. Such a legend had existed in Mr. Lethbridge's family when he was a youngster; and as he now walked towards Camden Town, who should turn up—in his dreams—but a fabulously wealthy old gentleman, who had come home for the express purpose of presenting Mr. Lethbridge with no less a sum than twenty thousand pounds? Here was a foundation for the day-dreamer to work upon; but it was not all. There was a most important connection, nearer to his heart, and altogether of a more tangible character. Among the friends of the family was a certain Fred Cornwall, a young barrister waiting for briefs, regarding whom Mrs. Lethbridge had more than once confidentially unburdened herself to her spouse to the effect that she was certain "he came after Fanny." Up to the present moment, supposing that Fred Cornwall had really any serious intentions, this was as far as he had got; but it was far enough for Mr. Lethbridge. The

slenderest foundations were sufficiently strong for his castles. Now, on this evening, Fred Cornwall was abroad on a little summer trip, and before Mr. Lethbridge had started for his bank in the morning his wife had whispered to him that Fanny had received a letter from Fred. What more was wanting for fancy with open eyes in London streets?

He has left the bank. They gave him a dinner and a testimonial on parchment, and another in gold, which he carries in the left-hand pocket of his waistcoat. It was the pleasantest affair. Such things were said of him! And the choicest flowers from the banquet-table were sent by hand to his wife and daughter. Simply to think of it made the tears come into his eyes.

He has bought the lease of the dear old house in Camden Town. He has no ambition to live in a better, despite the fact that he is master of twenty thousand pounds. Well, not quite so much, perhaps, because there was the lease to pay for, and the smartening up of the house, and some new furniture to buy for the best rooms. But quite enough, quite enough.

There is still something to do before the new arrangements are completed, and for this purpose he and his wife and Fanny are jogging along, happily, through fashionable thoroughfares, where the tradesmen have provided in their windows a veritable Aladdin's cave for their entertainment, and wherein the ladies of his family, intent upon killing two birds with one stone, have decided to indulge in "a little shopping"—of all female occupations the most attractive and fascinating.

In Regent-street, whom should they meet but Fred Cornwall? Here he is, face to face with them. Mr. Lethbridge greets him cordially.

"Hallo, Fred! Who would have thought of seeing you? Why, where have you been these last three weeks? On the Continent? Of course, of course—I remember your telling us you were going. Enjoyed yourself, I hope? Yes! Very glad, very glad. How brown you look! When did you return? A few hours ago only—ah! Come round and see us this evening. You intended to! That's right. You'll see an improvement—we've been buying some new furniture and doing up the house. Do you know anything of roses, Fred? I want to put a few dozen in the garden: I've got some apple and pear trees in already. Our own fruit next year, Fred. Fact is, I've had a windfall. Ever heard me tell of a relation of mine who ran away from home when he was a boy and who made a great fortune abroad? Well, to our astonishment, he turned up a little while ago, and behaved most handsomely to us; so handsomely, indeed, that I've resigned at the bank. No occasion to work any more, my boy; can take it easy. Pleased to hear it? Of course you are. It makes no difference in us, Fred. We're just the same as we always were—just the same, just the same. Now, how about the briefs, Fred? Are they rolling in? No! But of course you must wait, as I have waited. Don't be discouraged, my lad! Hope—hope—hope; that's the best tonic for youngsters. Perhaps I may put something in your way. Anything particular to do this morning? We are making a few purchases, and, now I think of it, I have heard Fanny say, repeatedly, that your taste in ladies' dress is perfect. What are you blushing for, Fanny? Give Fred your arm. I have no doubt he will be happy to accompany us."

Mr. Lethbridge's day-dream was here snapped in the middle. He was recalled to earth by a tap on his shoulder and the sound of a mellow voice.

"The very man I was coming to see. How are you, Leth, old man?"

The mellowness of the speaker's voice was matched by the mellowness of his personal appearance. Good spirits and good nature oozed out of him. His clean-shaven face was round and rubicund; his eyes had a cheery light in them; a jolly smile hovered about his mouth. He was a large man; his hands, his nose, his head, were massive—it is the only word that will describe them. But nothing in him was out of proportion, and the geniality and jollity of the man were in keeping with his physical gifts. As there is no occasion for mystery, he may at once be introduced, "Mr. Kislingbury—the reader."

A famous man, Mr. Kislingbury, as you know. Has he not afforded you opportunities innumerable, of which, as a sensible man, you have taken full advantage—for it is not to be doubted that you are an enthusiastic playgoer—for hearty laughter? Has he not made your sides ache this many a time and oft, and have you not gone home the better for it? Is there not something so contagious in the merry notes of his rich voice that your mouth wreathes with smiles the moment it reaches your ears? Yes, everybody knows Kiss—though his name be Kislingbury, he is never spoken of but as Kiss by his friends and the public—and everybody has a kindly feeling towards him. With reason. His humour is unctuous, but never coarse; he bubbles over with fun, but never descends to buffoonery; great in old comedies, to the manner born, and perhaps because of that, a little out of date. But Kiss, although fortune has not been over-lavish towards him, is contented with his lot. And he has perhaps a rarer virtue than all—he respects his author, and when he plays a new part and makes a hit in it, does not take all the credit to himself. This is the man who clapped Mr. Lethbridge on the shoulder in the midst of that gentleman's glowing day-dream, and cried, "The very man I was coming to see. How are you, Leth, old man?"

"Very well, I thank you," said Mr. Lethbridge, a little slowly, not immediately recognising his friend: he was not in the habit of taking a harlequin leap out of his musings; it generally occupied him a few moments to get back to earth. "Very well, very well. Why, it's Kiss! Glad to see you, Kiss; glad to see you!"

"Day-dreaming, Leth?" inquired Kiss, merrily and kindly.

Mr. Lethbridge's flights in this direction were well known to his friends.

"Yes, Kiss, yes. Amusing myself as usual. Upon my word, I hardly know a better way of passing the time. Almost as good as theatre."

Kiss and Mr. Lethbridge were related—second or third cousins, or something of that sort; one of those genealogical connections with mixed marriages which make the head ache—and it was from Kiss that Mr. Lethbridge obtained orders for the play. Kiss had other and nearer relations, some of whom were in the habit of visiting Mr. Lethbridge's house, where, it need scarcely be said, they were more than welcome, the younger members of Aunt Leth's family, and all her other young friends, looking up to these luminaries with a kind of awe.

"Better than a theatre, I dare say," said Kiss, heartily;

"at all events a great deal cheaper. So easy to get up your pieces, so easy to write 'em, so easy to get them played. No jealousies and heart-burnings—all plain sailing! And no rehearsals, my boy; no rehearsals," at which contemplation Kiss joyously rubbed his hands. "Everybody pleased and satisfied with his part. Lessee, stage manager, every soul in the place, down to the checktaker at the gallery—I should rather say up, shouldn't I?—in a state of calm beatitude. Why? Because success is assured beforehand. No expense for dresses, none for scenery. Such a first-night audience! No blackguards paying their shillings in the hope of a chance of hooting and hissing. There are such now-a-days, I regret to say. Then, the critics! Not at all a bad lot, Leth, let me tell you, though they have given many a poor devil the heartache. I often pity them for the sorry stuff they have to listen to and write about. Not a bed of roses, theirs! And I'd sooner be Kiss, first low comedy, than dramatic critic of the best paper going. As you play your pieces, Leth, do you ever think of the fine notices written about 'em in the next morning's papers?"

"I seldom get as far as that," replied Mr. Lethbridge, smiling.

"Ah!" said Kiss, "that's because you have no vanity."

"I have a great deal," said Mr. Lethbridge, shaking his head.

"You're no judge of yourself: none of us are of ourselves. But let your mind run on it a bit; it will make your nerves tingle with delight. Not for yourself, perhaps: for others—for Aunt Leth, now, and pretty Fanny, and Bob, the rascal!"

"Yes; for them—for them!" said Mr. Lethbridge, eagerly. "I will, Kiss; I will—that is, if it comes to me to do it. For, do you know, what you call 'my pieces' are really very curious things, not only in themselves, but in the way they happen. Quite unexpectedly, Kiss—quite unexpectedly. Now, what do the critics say about the piece—just by way of example—I've been playing, in my walk home from the bank? But it's rather foolish of me to ask you such a question, as you are in complete ignorance of the kind of piece it is."

"Wrong, Leth; wrong. I know a great deal about it—more than you are aware of."

"Really?"

"Really, and in very truth, my liege lord."

"Now, this is interesting. It is quite a pleasure, meeting you in this way. Go on about my piece."

"First and foremost," said Kiss, "to settle the style of it. I pronounce that it is not a tragedy."

"Right: it is not."

"It is not a farce."

"Nothing like it—that is, broadly speaking."

"I am speaking broadly. It is not a bloodthirsty melodrama, with a murder in it, and a wedding; or, if not that, a pair of lovers just about to be tied together; or, if not that, a husband and wife torn from each other's arms. It amounts to the same thing, because the main point is that the man is falsely accused of the murder."

"Of course he is," said Mr. Lethbridge, "or where should we be?"

"Exactly," said Kiss, with a humorous imitation of Mr. Lethbridge's manner. "If that was not the case, where should we be? Worth considering. Perhaps worse off; perhaps better. I will not take it upon myself to judge. We are talking now of the regulation pattern—good old style, Leth, but old. Might stand a bad chance if it were not for the magnificent scenery and the wonderful dresses, mechanical changes, houses turned inside out, exteriors turned outside in, gas lowered to vanishing-point to assist the delusion—splendid opportunity that for the lover and his lass, in the pit! Wish I was young again, and before the footlights, instead of behind them, so that I might take my imaginary little girl (whom I adore, from the crown of her pretty head to the tips of her little shoes) to the pit when such a melodrama, with the lights turned down, is being played. When I say 'regulation pattern,' Leth, don't mistake me; I am not speaking against it. As for originality—well, perhaps the least said about it the better. We were rehearsing a new melodrama the other day, and the subject cropped up on the stage. The scene-painter was there, and he took part in the discussion, though he spoke never a word."

"How could he do that without speaking?"

"Well, he winked."

"I don't see much in that," observed Mr. Lethbridge, somewhat mystified.

"Of course you don't, the reason being"—and good-humour beamed in every feature of Kiss's merry face—"that you are not, like myself, a cynic."

"Come, that's good," protested Mr. Lethbridge; "you a cynic!"

"I would not have my enemies say so," said Kiss; "and don't you betray me at home. So it is settled that your piece is not a tragedy, nor a broad farce, nor a melodrama with a murder in it. Nor is it a comedy of character, bristling with smart sayings—everybody saying clever, ill-natured things about everybody else. No, Leth; your piece is a simple domestic drama, lighted up by the sweetest stars of life—the stars of pure love and a happy home."

"You have," said Mr. Lethbridge, stirred by the feeling which his friend threw into the words, "a remarkable felicity of expression. You are almost—a poet."

"A bread-and-butter poet, then. Yes; a simple drama of domestic life, upon which the stars of love and home are shining. That's what the critics say the next morning: 'It is refreshing to come across a play so sweet, so natural, so human. Here are no high flights of the imagination; no violent twisting of ordinary events to serve a startling purpose; no dragging in of abnormal, precocious children, to show how clever they are; nothing, in short, out of drawing or out of proportion. The play is an idyl in which all that is wholesome in everyday life is brought into prominence to gladden the heart and refresh the senses. It leaves a sweet taste in the mouth, and when the curtain fell upon the delightful story the author was called again and again, and applauded with a heartiness which must have sent him home rejoicing to the bosom of his family. We trust that the success he won, and deserved, will encourage him to further efforts in this direction, and that on many future occasions he will charm and beguile us as he did last night. His feet are firmly planted on the ladder of fame, and he has only to go on as he has begun to make his name a household word.'"

"Upon my word," said Mr. Lethbridge, "you almost take away my breath."

"But am I a true diviner?" asked Kiss.

"About the critics?"

"About the piece—your piece?"

"You are a wizard. I think, if I were a dramatic author, I should try to write precisely the kind of play you have described. You see, there is little else in my mind. But I am afraid you are wrong about the critics."

"Not at all," persisted Kiss. "Critics are human, like other people; and search the whole world through you will find no song more popular than 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

## CHAPTER X.

### MELIA-JANE, GODDESS OF POTS AND PANS.

While this conversation was proceeding, there stood at a little distance from the speakers a man who had been walking arm-in-arm with the actor when the friends met, and who fell apart from Kiss when he clapped Mr. Lethbridge upon the shoulder. He was an anxious-eyed man, nervous, fidgetty, with a certain tremulousness of limb and feature, denoting a troubled nature. His age was some thirty-five or thereabouts; his clothes were respectable though shabby; and although he took no part in the conversation, and did not obtrude himself, he did not remove his eyes from Kiss and Mr. Lethbridge. Kiss, turning, beckoned to him, and he joined the friends.

"You heard what we've been talking about," said the actor. "What do you think of it?"

"I wish," said the man, "that I could write such a piece."

"Ah," said Kiss, "it is easy to preach as we've been preaching, but to do the thing is a different pair of shoes. It comes by nature, or it comes not at all."

"But," said the man, "I don't believe it would be a success."

"Wait a moment," said Kiss, "I am forgetting my manners. 'Mr. Linton—Mr. Lethbridge.'"

The two shook hands.

"Mr. Linton," said Kiss to Mr. Lethbridge, in explanation, "is a dramatic author, and has written plays."

Mr. Linton sighed, and fidgetted with his fingers.

"Has he?" exclaimed Mr. Lethbridge. "And they have been played, of course?"

Mr. Linton sighed again, and inclined his head.

"I am really delighted," said Mr. Lethbridge. "I have never in my life spoken to a dramatic author, and have never shaken hands with one. Will you allow me?"

They shook hands again, Mr. Lethbridge effusively, Mr. Linton with mingled bashfulness, pride, and awkwardness.

"Successful pieces, I am sure," observed Mr. Lethbridge.

"More or less so," said Kiss. "We must take our rubs, my dear Leth."

"Of course, of course. We've got to take them."

"That's what I'm always telling Linton. We've got to take 'em. Why, you, now," pointing his finger at Mr. Lethbridge, "you're not a public man, and you have your rubs."

"I am not free from them," said Mr. Lethbridge, in a cheerful voice.

"There, now, Linton," said Kiss, with the manner of one who desired to point a moral, "our friend Lethbridge here is not a public man, and he has rubs. So you don't think his piece would be a success. Why, Sempronius?"

"An author must follow the fashion," replied Mr. Linton, "if he wants to live."

"He wants that, naturally." And here Kiss took Mr. Lethbridge aside, with, "Excuse me, Linton, a moment," and whispered confidentially, "A little dashed. Had a knock-down blow. Last piece a failure. Produced a fortnight ago. Ran a week. I was in it, but could not save it. Consequence, out of an engagement; not serious to me, but to him—very. A man of genius; but not yet hit 'em, quite. Will soon; or I'm the worst of actors. Which I am not—not the best; but 'twill serve. Meanwhile, waiting for the spondulix to pour in, has wife and family to support. A modern Triplet. Has play which will take the town by storm. The play that failed was of a domestic turn. Very pretty; but lacked incident. Too much dialogue, too little action. He feels it—badly. Here"—touching his heart, "and here"—touching his stomach. They returned to Mr. Linton. "Proceed, Linton."

"The public," said Mr. Linton, "require red fire. Give it them. They want murders. Supply them. They want the penny dreadful on the stage. Fling it at their heads. Ah! I've not been as wise as some I know."

"In point of ability," whispered Kiss again to Mr. Lethbridge, "he could wipe out the authors he refers to. Excuse him; he is not a bit malicious or envious; but he has been stung, and he's writhing. If you heard me read the play that failed you would require a dozen pocket handkerchiefs. He slaved at it for eight months; and dreamt of success with empty platters on his table. I wonder if people know anything of this, or ever give it a thought. But it won't do to encourage him. It does him good to lash out; but we must not agree with him when he's wrong. In his new play there's a part I should like to take. He wrote it with me in his eye. All will come right; till the time arrives he must grin and bear it. 'Suffering is the badge of all his tribe.' But there are big plums in the pudding, old fellow, and his day to pick 'em will come." Then he said aloud to the moody author, "Don't talk stuff and nonsense. You don't copy as a rule; you're original, and I make my bow to you; but in what you said you are copying the platinudinarians. What the public want are good plays, such as you can write, and good actors, who are not so scarce as croakers would have us believe. Cheer up, Linton! Where would be the glory of success if we could have it by whistling for it? Why, here we are at your very door, Leth. Now, I call that singular."

"Why?" asked Mr. Lethbridge.

"Because we were coming to see you to ask a favour."

"Anything I can do," said Mr. Lethbridge, knocking at the door, "you may depend upon."

"I told you so, Linton," said Kiss.

The dramatic author brightened up for a moment, but fell again immediately into a state of despondency.

"You're just in time for tea," said Mr. Lethbridge, kissing his wife, who opened the door for them. "Come in: come in. I've brought you some visitors, mother."

"How do you do, Mr. Kiss?" said Mrs. Lethbridge, shaking hands with the always welcome actor.

"Mother," said Mr. Lethbridge, "this is Mr. Linton, the celebrated author."

"I am glad to see you, Sir," said Mrs. Lethbridge, inwardly disturbed by the thought that she had not got out her best tea service. "Mr. Kiss, will you take Mr. Linton into the drawing-room? You are at home, you know. Fanny and Bob will be in presently. Phoebe is here, father."

In point of fact Phoebe, Fanny, and Bob, excited by the sound of the arrival of visitors, were on the first-floor landing, peering over the balustrade to see who they were.

"It's Mr. Kiss," whispered Fanny.

"And a strange gentleman," whispered Bob.

"Uncle Leth said," whispered Phoebe, "the celebrated author. I wonder if he's joking!"

"They are going to stop to tea," whispered Fanny, "and mother has sent them into the drawing-room while she gets out the best tea things. We must go and help her."

Aunt Leth, from the passage below, coughed aloud, having detected the presence of the young people, and there was an instant scuttling away above, and a sound of smothered laughter. To Aunt Leth's relief, this was not noticed by her visitors, who made their way into the drawing-room. It was called so more from habit than because it was a room set apart for holiday and grand occasions; there was no such room in the house of the Lethbridges, which was a home in the truest sense of the word.

Aunt Leth was deeply impressed by the circumstance of

having a celebrated author in her house; and when the drawing-room door was closed she asked her husband in the passage—speaking in a very low tone—what he had written.

"Why, don't you know, mother?" said Mr. Lethbridge: but the superior air he assumed—as though he was intimately acquainted with everything Mr. Linton had written, and was rather surprised at his wife's question—was spoilt by a shame-facedness which he was not clever enough to conceal.

"No, father," said Mrs. Lethbridge, adding triumphantly, "and I don't believe you do either."

"Well, to tell you the truth," said Mr. Lethbridge, with a little laugh, "I don't. But he is very celebrated. Mr. Kiss says so. He writes plays, and his last one was not a success. It has troubled him greatly, poor fellow. Give us a good tea, mother."

Mrs. Lethbridge nodded, and sent him in to his visitors, and went herself down to the kitchen to attend to her domestic arrangements, where she was presently joined by her children and Phoebe.

"We don't want you, Bob," said Mrs. Lethbridge to her son; "go and join the gentlemen."

"I'd sooner stop here, mother," said Robert.

"Go away, there's a good boy," said the mother; "you will only put things back."

Robert, however, showed no inclination to leave the kitchen, but hovered about Phoebe like a butterfly about a flower.

"Do you hear what mother says?" demanded Fanny, imperiously; she was given to lord it occasionally over her brother. "Go at once, and listen to the gentlemen, and have your mind improved."

"Now you're chaffing me," said Robert, "and you know that always puts my back up."

Mrs. Lethbridge looked around with affectionate distraction in her aspect.

"Go, Robert," said Phoebe.

"Not if you call me 'Robert,'" said he.

"Well, Bob."

"All right, I'll vanish. Fanny, there's a smut on your nose."

Which caused Fanny to rub that feature smartly with her handkerchief, and then to ask Phoebe, in a tone of concern, "Is it off?" This sent Robert from the kitchen, laughing, while Fanny called out to him that she would pay him for it. She laughed, too, when he was gone, and declared that he was getting a greater tease every day. Presently all was bustle: the best cups and saucers were taken from the cupboard, and Phoebe, with her sleeves tucked up, was dusting them; Fanny was cutting the bread and buttering it; and the frying-pan was on the fire. While, attending to the frying-pan and the kettle and the teapot, and working away generally with a will, was the most important person in the kitchen, the goddess, indeed, of that region, whose name, with a strange remissness, has not yet been mentioned.

'Melia-Jane!

In these days of fine-lady-servants, the mere mention of so inestimable a treasure is an agreeable thing; for if ever there was a devoted, untiring, unselfish, capable, cheerful slave of the broom and the pan, that being was 'Melia-Jane. Up early in the morning, without ever being called; up late at night, without a murmur; no Sundays out as a law the violation of which was a gravr matter than the separation of Church and State; cooking, scrubbing, washing with a light heart, and as happy as the day is long. Could I write an epic I would set about it, and call it "'Melia-Jane."

Not a beauty. Somewhat the reverse, indeed. But "Lor!" as she used to say, scratching her elbow, "beauty's only skin-deep." Nevertheless, she worshipped it in the persons of Fanny and Phoebe, to whom she was devotedly attached. Of the two, she leaned, perhaps, more closely and affectionately to Phoebe, for whom she entertained the profoundest admiration. "Wenus," she declared, "couldn't 'old a candle to 'er." And had she been asked, in the way of disputation, under what circumstances and to what intelligible purpose that goddess could be expected to hold a candle to Phoebe, she would doubtless have been prepared with a reply which would have confounded the interrogator.

She had a history, which can be briefly recorded.

Like all careful housewives with limited incomes, Mrs. Lethbridge had her washing "done" at home, and 'Melia-Jane's mother, in times gone by, was Aunt Leth's washerwoman. She died when 'Melia-Jane was ten years old, and the child, being utterly friendless and penniless, was admitted into Mrs. Lethbridge's kitchen as a kind of juvenile help. She proved to be so clever and willing, and so "teachable," as Mrs. Lethbridge said, that when the old servant left to get married, 'Melia-Jane took her place, and from that day did the entire work of the house. For the present this brief record is sufficient. More of 'Melia-Jane anon.

Robert burst into the kitchen in a state of great excitement.

"Mother, you didn't tell me Mr. Linton was a dramatic author. Just think, Phoebe: he writes plays! Isn't it grand?"

The girls opened their eyes very wide. There was, indeed, a luminary in the house, a star of the first magnitude—a dramatic author! It was enough to make them tremble.

"But why have you left them, Bob?" asked Mrs. Lethbridge.

"I was told to go," replied Robert. "They did not want me. They're talking business."

"Business!" exclaimed Mrs. Lethbridge. "What business can they have with father?"

"Perhaps

## NEW BOOKS.

*Things Seen (Choses vues).* By Victor Hugo. Two vols. (G. Routledge and Sons).—The posthumous publication, in French, of these detached papers left by the famous writer at his death has been quickly followed by this English translation. They are narrative or descriptive sketches of noteworthy incidents which he personally witnessed, upon various occasions, during nearly half a century, mostly in Paris, but also when he was an exile in Jersey or Guernsey. The reign of Louis Philippe, and even some years before the Revolution of July, 1830, the Revolution of February, 1848, and the conspiracies of the Republican refugees after Louis Napoleon's coup d'état of 1851, and in the first years of the Empire, get some additional illustration from Victor Hugo's reminiscences; but these do not form, on the whole, a very important contribution to political history. He was, indeed, never seriously regarded by his contemporaries as a practical statesman; but, as an eminent literary man, and as a member of the French Academy, enjoyed high social consideration, and had a seat in the Chamber of Peers till 1848, and subsequently in the National Assembly. Persons who are old enough to remember the domestic scandals of Louis Philippe's reign; the impeachment of M. Teste, the Minister of Public Works, and of General Cubières, for receiving bribes, in 1847; and the horrible murder of the Duchess de Praslin by her husband, who escaped the judicial penalty of his crime by poisoning himself in prison, may here confirm their recollections of those notorious events. Affairs of somewhat earlier date—the reception of the body of Napoleon I. when it was brought from St. Helena, in 1840, and the funeral ceremony at the Invalides; the conspiracy of Fieschi and other attempts to assassinate the King; and the death of the Duke of Orleans, heir to the throne, in 1842, by the accidental overturning of his carriage, are equally within the range of the old man's past observations. He was, of course, personally acquainted with Louis Philippe and with the leading politicians, authors, scholars, and artists of that brilliant period: Thiers and Guizot, the Princes of the Orleans family, Duc Pasquier, Royer-Collard, Villemain, Lamartine, and other literary notabilities, and the great actresses, Mars and Rachel. Many interesting traits of character, and reports of occasional conversations, will be found in these volumes; but the notice of Talleyrand—whom the writer does not seem to have known—is superficial, as well as savagely scornful. His account of the flight of the deposed King from Paris and the embarkation at Honfleur, during the Parisian insurrection of February, is full of amusing and characteristic details. The tumultuous scenes of May and the sanguinary conflict of June, in the same year, 1848, which shook the flimsy fabric of the infant Democratic Republic, supported as it then was by fallacious expectations of Socialist boons to the population of Paris, may again be studied for a warning example. Victor Hugo, though he became an enthusiastic Democrat, was never a Socialist; but he failed to comprehend the necessity of coercion in every Government; he had sentimental scruples about the infliction of severe punishments, and would have endeavoured to repress crime by delivering moral lectures. His well-known opposition to the penalty of death was shared by other benevolent and imaginative minds. He had a fixed idea of the absolute sacredness and inviolability of human life, which ought to have led him to the extreme principle upon the question of the lawfulness of war. His paper entitled "Tapner," written in 1855, reporting a minute examination of the gallows used for the execution of two vile murderers in Guernsey, betrays this morbid vein of sentiment, which appears in some of the other writings. "Hubert, the Spy," is a story of deep interest, and undoubtedly quite true, concerning the French refugees in Jersey, in 1853, relating the manner in which they detected, and proposed to avenge, the treason of one of their associates. The scene of their midnight meeting at the hotel in St. Helier, where Hubert was tried and convicted, when Victor Hugo persuaded them to spare his life, is most vividly described, and the author must have felt a righteous satisfaction in using his just influence with his fellow-exiles to forbid a lawless and terrible action. The sketch of the death of Balzac is painfully impressive. These latest memorials of Victor Hugo's long and various experiences of social life cannot add to his renown as a man of rare and powerful genius; nor will they alter the less flattering estimate of his wisdom and faculty of judgment; but they contain fresh proof of his humane disposition and his genuine tenderness of heart.

*From the Pyrenees to the Channel in a Dog-Cart.* By C. J. Acland-Troyte (Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey, and Co.).—Many parts of rural France, and many of its provincial towns, are delightfully interesting, homely, and pleasant, especially to the tourist who has leisure for modest progress along the old high roads, whether in easy pedestrian exercise, or mounted on his independent bicycle, or on horseback, or driving such a private conveyance as that of Mr. and Mrs. Acland-Troyte. The lady, who accompanied her husband, in the sweet months of April, May, and a fortnight of June, from St. Jean de Luz to Cherbourg, with a wide détour by way of Toulouse, Cahors, Limoges, and Poitiers, making a total distance of 956 miles, has written a delightful account of their wisely-managed expedition. To any person fairly acquainted with history, the western and west central provinces of fair France, which abound with interesting reminiscences of the ancient wars of our English Kings and Princes of the Plantagenet race, during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, are as worthy of regard as the Rhineland or Switzerland, though less attractive in the outward aspect of picturesque and romantic scenery. They are inhabited by a gentle, sociable, and friendly people, whose vivacity is refreshing, and who have not learnt to be extortionate in their treatment of travellers; the roads are good, the hotels are clean, quiet, and inexpensive; and some of the towns contain fine examples of feudal, communal, and ecclesiastical architecture. Mrs. Acland-Troyte is a clever, bright-minded, and agreeable writer; and her womanly kindness for all living creatures, but first of all for the trusty mare, Dolly, whose performances she punctually records, and for the little white fox-terrier, Vic, whom she carried as her special pet, lends to the daily narrative a certain familiar charm. The book should be read with the aid of a map, following the successive stages of the route, which at starting lay eastward, skirting the Pyrenees, visiting Pau, Lourdes, and the Cirque de Gavarnie, and thence by St. Gaudens, striking the road to Toulouse, from which city the dog-cart went on pretty straight to the north. Nearly half the volume is occupied with these Pyrenean excursions, and with discussions of St. Jean de Luz, the Basques, the chivalrous legend of Roncesvalles, the Béarnais, and the pilgrims of Lourdes. Toulouse and Montauban, and the surrounding country, did not afford much gratification; but the abbey church of St. Pierre de Moissac is described as very beautiful. Cahors seems to be one of the most picturesque towns in the south of France; and the journey now became truly enjoyable, through Brive to Limoges, where the rich collections of enamelled pottery and porcelain invited studious inspection. Much is said of Poitiers and its grand Romanesque Cathedral; the dog-cart

passes on cheerfully to Angers, stopping by the way at Chinon, Fontevraud, and Saumur; it soon enters Brittany, crosses that province, and comes to the seacoast at Avranches; thence to Cherbourg, keeping not far from the shore. We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Acland-Troyte on the success of their method of travelling, the use of which they have since repeated in a return drive from St. Malo to Biarritz; and we have had a share of the pleasure in reading this book.

*Three Years of a Wanderer's Life.* By John F. Keane. Two vols. (Ward and Downey).—Mr. Keane is known to some readers as the author of interesting narratives and adventurous journeys in Arabia, where he visited the sacred cities of Mecca and Medina, under peculiar circumstances, gaining a close acquaintance with the ways and manners of Mussulman pilgrims. He is still young, apparently of Irish family, and has been a student of medicine at the Edinburgh University; but went to sea in earlier boyhood, had to "rough it" as an ordinary apprentice on board, and in 1883, having thrown up the medical profession and gone to sea again, found himself at Calcutta, second mate of an English steamer. In August, 1886, he arrived in England, having had three years of very bad luck, bringing him down to the necessity of "tramping," in honest poverty, from Liverpool to London. Judging from his own account of himself, and from unconscious indications of character, he seems to be a manly fellow; he can think and write as correctly, and certainly as vigorously, as other well-educated men; and if his literary performances fail to improve his personal fortunes, the world must be even harder than he is led to think it is. This book, at any rate, was worth publishing, and is worth reading, as a plain unvarnished account of various experiences which may often befall young men of roving disposition, trying their fortitude and courage pretty severely, but which are seldom described in the form of autobiography, and fall into the vast common stock of unwritten history, in the obscure lot of the working classes of mankind. Mr. Keane has served "before the mast"; the steamer of which he was a junior officer was wrecked, being unseaworthy and carelessly navigated, somewhere at the entrance to the Red Sea; the crew were saved, and camped on the sands for nine days, till they were taken off and conveyed to Aden; he had his pay and came home; he spent three months in London, trying to get up an exploring expedition to Papua or New Guinea; but, when his money was gone, joined a small vessel going on a summer cruise to Norway for a cargo of ice. On his return to London, being disappointed in many different efforts to obtain employment, as medical assistant, contributor to the newspapers, tramcar conductor, soldier, and, finally, dock labourer, he engaged as a common seaman in a Nova Scotia ship, then lying in Shadwell Basin, and bound for New York. The infamous practices of robbery and cruelty in the New York seamen's boarding houses, and the atrocious treatment of men in some American merchant-vessels, are an old complaint, which is here strongly confirmed. Mr. Keane's ship recrossed the Atlantic to a German port, where he was cheated of part of his due claim of wages, and could get no redress from the British Vice-Consul. He then took service in a good Belgian steamer bound for Rio de Janeiro; but, having arrived in that port, a strange accident deprived him of his berth and exposed him, quite innocent, to a charge of desertion. He had just gone overboard for a swim in the harbour when he was captured by a Brazilian man-of-war's patrol boat, naked as he was, and was cast into prison; there he was kept till his ship was gone. On his release from this detention he went aboard a Liverpool ship for Burmah, which was a long voyage, and he was the only man in the crew who spoke English. The ship, having taken in a cargo of rice at a Burmese port, made the home voyage in five months and five days, landing Mr. Keane at Rotterdam. He found himself again in London, and once more tried literature, writing for *Tinsley's Magazine* a series of papers called "Mere Shaking." It was at the time of the French bombardment of the Chinese arsenal at Foo-chow. Mr. Keane expected there would be a great naval war in the Chinese seas. Without any definite arrangement, having a little money at that moment, he took his passage for Hong-Kong, his intention being, apparently, to act as newspaper correspondent. At Hong-Kong, unluckily for him, there was not much opening in that line; so he went up to Shanghai, and there entered the Chinese naval service as gunner, but was soon disabled by a blister of the hand, turning to erysipelas, and lay several weeks in the Shanghai Hospital. He afterwards got an appointment as reporter of the *Shanghai Journal*; but finding no prospect of war-correspondence in that part of the world, left it for India, where he visited his cousin, Mr. F. Bruce, a tea-planter in the Terai. His later adventures, including a severe attack of fever at Calcutta, where he had been a patient in the same hospital three years before, are not remarkable. Nor shall we dwell upon his destitute condition when he reached Liverpool, his tramp-life for three days, sleeping in the casual ward of a workhouse, or on a heap of straw, and the all but mortal accident of fracturing his skull, last November, by a fall down-stairs in London. Mr. Keane has suffered a good deal of "knocking-about." He makes it not uninteresting to read of, but we heartily wish him better luck in future.

At the Apposition held in the new buildings of St. Paul's School last week, it was announced that twenty-one scholarships and exhibitions had been gained by boys in the school during the last twelve months. Among the distinctions won at Oxford were a Balliol scholarship, won by the son of the High Master; and scholarships at Corpus, Trinity, Lincoln, Queen's, and Christchurch—the latter being gained by M. Ghose, an Indian. The Cambridge honours include a major and minor scholarship at Trinity, with two exhibitions at the same college. The Ireland and Craven scholarships at Oxford and the Newdegate and Gaisford Greek verse, with the Barnes and Bell University scholarships at Cambridge, were won during the same period by past scholars of the school.

For the August Bank Holiday the Brighton and South Coast Railway Company have made the following arrangements. The availability of ordinary return tickets to and from the seaside, &c., will be extended as usual over the August Bank Holiday, and this will also include the special cheap Saturday to Monday tickets. On Saturday a fourteen-day excursion to Paris, by the picturesque route via Dieppe and Rouen, will be run from London by a special day service, and also by the ordinary night service. Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Brighton, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight, and on Bank Holiday, Monday, Aug. 1, day excursions will be run to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Newhaven, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. For the Crystal Palace holiday entertainments extra trains will be run to and from London, as required by the traffic. The Brighton Company announce that their West-End offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square, will remain open until ten p.m. on the evenings of Friday and Saturday for the sale of the special cheap tickets and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.

## HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

(By our Paris Correspondent.)

## VERONA.

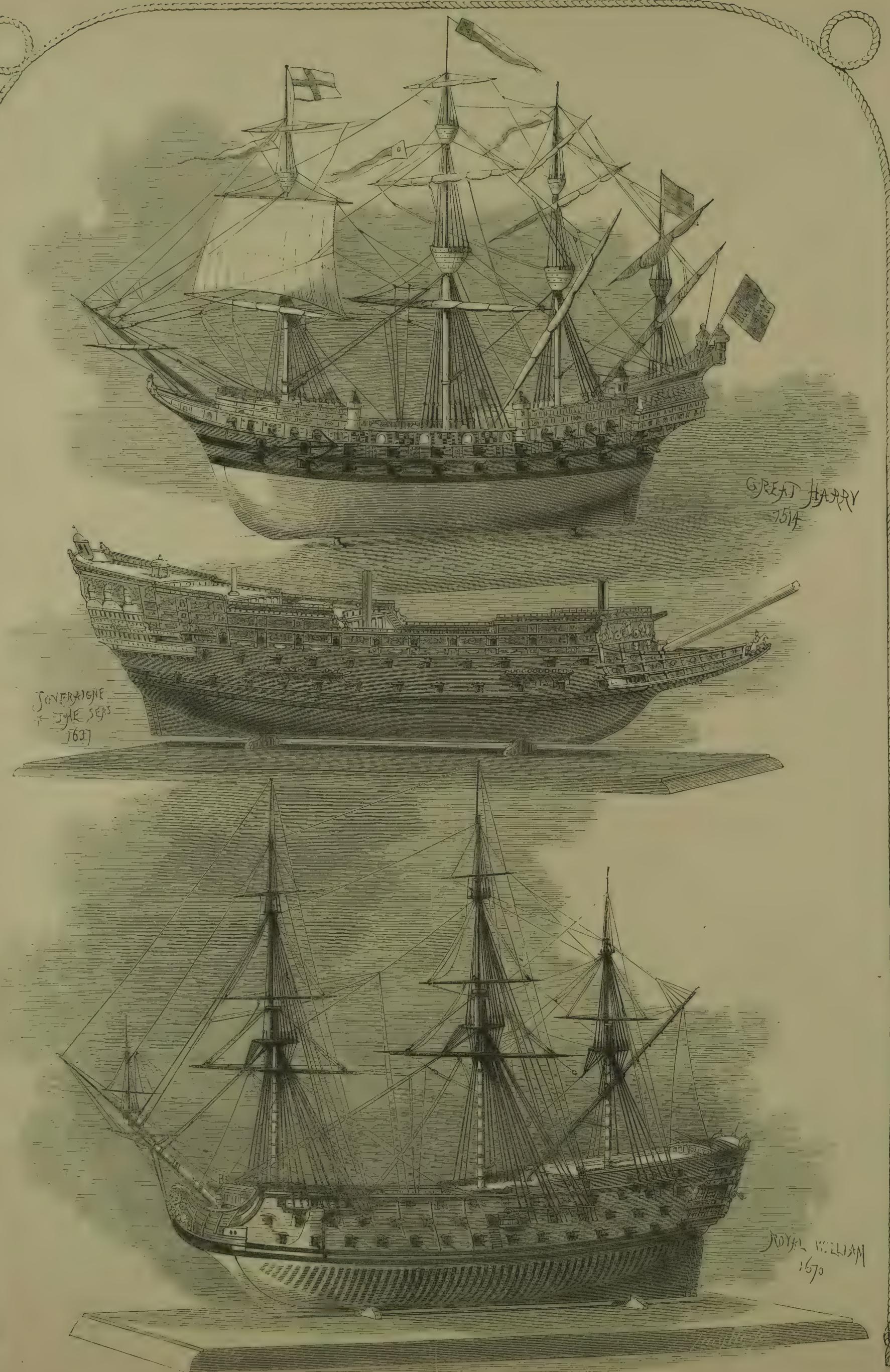
Verona is a fossil city, where you see intact remnants of three civilisations—that of the Romans, that of the Middle Ages, and that of the Renaissance. Our first visit was to the arena, which is still better preserved than the amphitheatre at Arles, and which has, during the past fifteen centuries, been kept in constant repair, with the exception of the outer wall, of which only four arcades remain standing. However, these four suffice to render the restoration of the rest quite easy. The rooms of the gladiators, the cages of the wild beasts, the entry and the exit for the performers, the vomitoria for the public, the canalisation for letting out the water after a naumachia, the staircases, the forty-five rows of concentric seats—all these are admirably preserved, and, after a few weeks devoted to repairs, a performance might be given as in the high days of Imperial Rome. The chief difficulty would be to find the 22,000 spectators necessary to fill the amphitheatre. At the time of the Congress of Verona a grand representation was given in this amphitheatre to the assembled Sovereigns and diplomatists of Europe, and Châteaubriand relates that the country people were pressed in by the authorities, the city population being insufficient to make a decent show on the innumerable seats. And yet we moderns boast of the Scala, of the Grand Opéra, and of the Albert Hall!

Verona is one of the oldest cities in the world, and as one wanders about its strange, ancient streets, the souvenir of many tragic events is called up. Under the walls of Verona Marius conquered the Cimbri, Vitellius was beaten by Vespasian, Odorico was crushed by Theodoric. Later, Charlemagne besieged Didier in Verona, and took it by assault. Then came the struggles of the Guelphs and the Ghibelins, the rivalries of the Scaligers and the Viscontis, the feuds of the Capulets and the Montagues, and the loves of Romeo and Juliet. A tragic town, indeed, suggestive of civil war, murder, and fratricide. The bridges across the river have battlements; the houses are built as strong as fortresses; the Adige traverses the town with a sinister roar of turbid waters; at every street corner one is prepared to hear the cry of Tybalt and the ironical death-rattle of Mercutio.

The souvenir of Juliet haunts Verona, and few I imagine are sceptical enough to refuse to visit the so-called Juliet's tomb. It is a queer experience. The entrance is down a narrow street, at the end of which is a white house-gable with a door painted green, and two windows with shutters painted red. You pull the bell very hard, and after waiting five or ten minutes, while the sound travels, I suppose, the door opens mysteriously, and you traverse a long shed full of agricultural machines. At the end of the shed is a walk covered over with trailing vines, and skirting on the right a vast garden which used to be a Franciscan cemetery. Soon this garden-walk develops into a bowling-alley, and away at the end you descry the form of a woman, the guardian of the spot and the puller of the wire which opened the door. Finally, the alley turns to the right, and leads to a sort of chapel built of red brick with stone columns, and in this chapel is Juliet's tomb. In spite of the strongest desire in the world to be romantically minded, and to believe all legends of a pleasant and comforting nature, I cannot feel much confidence in the authenticity of this tomb. It looks more like a washing-trough than anything else; and, if the truth could be known, it would probably be found that it is really an old washing-trough, or *lavoir* of stone, to which have been added a few broken pillars and architectural fragments, and the whole christened "Tomba Giulietta," for the greater satisfaction of tourists. The English and Americans appear to appreciate the tomb immensely, and the bottom of the trough is covered with a thickness of several inches of visiting-cards; on the walls of the chapel, too, are pinned visiting-cards and souvenirs of the visits of "personally conducted" tourists; while over the washing-trough hangs a faded wreath, to which is pinned the card of Mr. Talbot Shakespeare, who is less known to fame than his homonym William. And this trough, we are asked to believe, is the tomb in which Juliet was laid after she had taken Friar Lawrence's narcotic, and was believed to be dead.

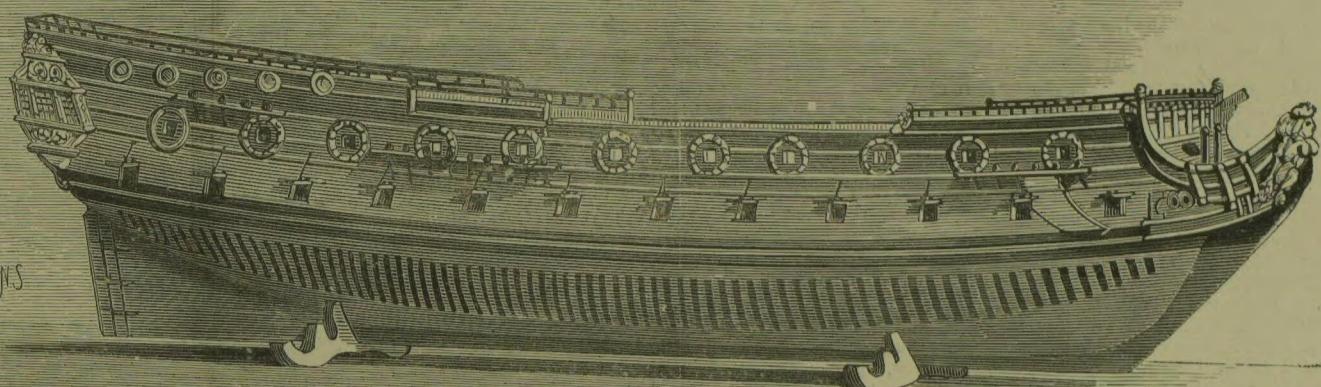
It is not easy to feel emotion or conviction in presence of the "Tomba Giulietta"; but the house where Juliet lived is more interesting and more unquestionably authentic. The old Capulet house is in the Via di Capello, which runs out of the Piazza dell' Erbe; it is a tall, four-storey brick façade, with an immense archway entrance, a balcony along the third floor, some remnants of architecture in the windows, and an overhanging roof—a very simple house compared with the other palaces of Verona of the time of San Michele. Passing through the archway we arrive in a large courtyard, surrounded by tall buildings and dilapidated balconies, the dwellings of misery, filth, and starving industries of all kinds; while the courtyard itself is full of rickety old carts and carriages belonging to the "stallo al Capello," or livery stables at the sign of the Hat, which is the armorial emblem of the Capulets or Capellets. The general aspect of the place is not unpicturesque, but it is horribly dirty, and smells most foully of squalid misery and imperfect drainage. Nevertheless, it was somewhere here that Juliet had her balcony and her garden; here that Romeo declared his love; here that the dawn surprised the lovers in their sweet confidences. Alas! the real scene is neither so charming nor so conducive to poetic effect as that which Mr. Irving gave us at the Lyceum.

Is there then nothing but *désillusion* at Verona? On the contrary, with the exception of the material souvenirs of the heroine of Shakespeare's play, everything is perfect and beyond expectation. The Piazza dell' Erbe, of all the market-places in Europe, is that which has most completely retained its mediæval aspect of market and ancient forum of the Republic. The façades of the houses are still decorated with frescoes—a little time-worn—painted by pupils of Mantegna and by Paul Veronese in his youth. In the centre is a fountain and a statue of the Virgin, also emblematic of the city. On one side is the Campanile, built in the twelfth century, and almost twice as high as the Vendôme Column. At the end is the column which the Venetians raised in the sixteenth century and surmounted with the lion of Saint Mark in token of their domination. Then, passing beneath an archway, we find ourselves in the Piazza dei Signori, one of the most beautiful and interesting squares in Italy—so beautiful that it suggests the exquisite architectural backgrounds imagined by Paul Veronese or Bellini. The Loggia especially is remarkable for its proportions, for the richness and charm of its details, and for its colour, which no words can render. Built before 1500, this palace is a jewel of early Italian Renaissance work. In the middle of this square is a modern statue of Dante, who was formerly the guest of the great Scaliger Can Grande, as is recorded on a marble slab over the door of the neighbouring Scaliger Palace—the very palace where Can Grande entertained a literary Court and had Giotto to paint his apartments. Dante finally found Can Grande's bread bitter and complained of the difficulty of climbing another man's staircase—an illusion, doubtless, to the name of his host, Scala. And so it is—at every step you take in Verona you are reminded of some famous name or incident in history.—T. C.



SHIP OF 50 GUNS

1701

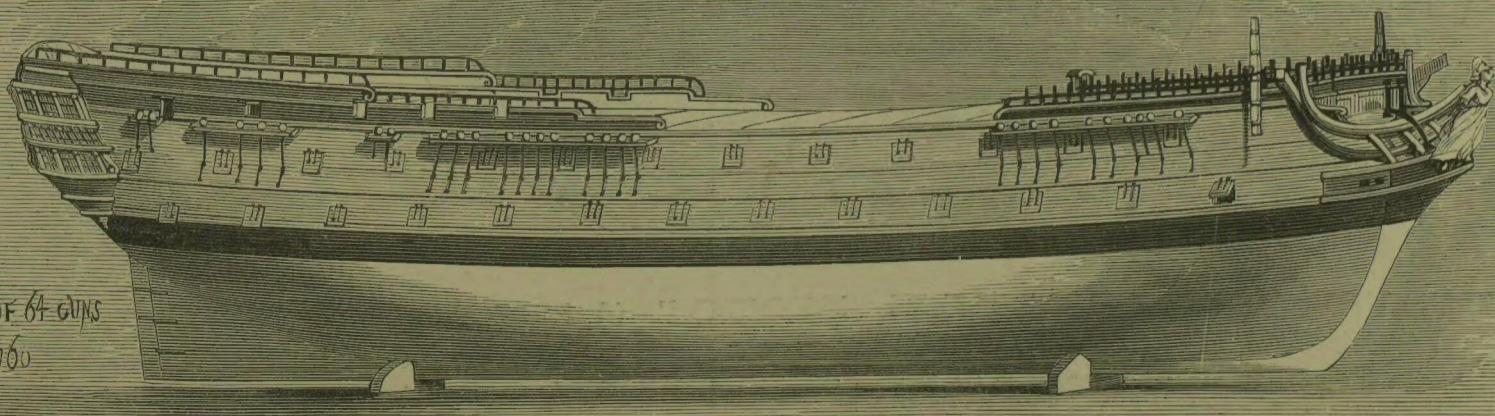


"VICTORY" BALCAENS  
1735



SHIP OF 64 GUNS

1760



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 5, 1885) of the Rev. Maynard Wodehouse Currie, late of The Rectory, Hingham, Norfolk, who died on May 11 last, was proved on the 12th inst. by the Hon. Arminie Wodehouse and the Rev. John Edward Parker Bartlett, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £107,000. The testator gives £1000 to each of his executors; two sums, amounting together to £11,000, and all his furniture, plate, pictures, household effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, Lady Charlotte Georgiana Mary Currie; he also gives certain property in settlement, subject to her life interest, as she shall appoint. All his real estate, and the residue of his personal estate, he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; then as to £25,000, upon further trust, for his cousin, Mary Ernestine Taylor; £20,000 for the issue of John and Ernestine Marshall as the said John Marshall shall appoint; and as to the ultimate residue for his brothers and sisters, George Wodehouse Currie, Bertram Wodehouse Currie, Philip Henry Wodehouse Currie, Mrs. Mary Sophia Deacon, and Mrs. Edith Sophia Dawson Damer, as shall be living at the death of his wife, and the issue of such of them as shall be then dead.

The will (dated Nov. 5, 1886) of Mr. James Richard Geaves, late of Hatfield House, Twickenham, who died on Feb. 21 last, has been proved by Mr. Henry Mounstrich James, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £104,000. The testator gives £25,000 to his cousins, Murray Honey, Fred Honey, Sophie Honey, and Amy Honey; £10,000, upon trust, for his aunt, Mrs. Mary Ann Honey; £2000 to such charitable institutions in the city or the county of the city of Exeter, as his executor shall think best; £500 and all his wearing apparel to his butler, John Ireland, and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his cousins, Murray, Fred, Sophie, and Amy Honey, and Lyon Geaves, Sidney Geaves, and Ada Geaves, in equal shares.

The will (dated June 9, 1882), with a codicil (dated June 28, 1884), of Mr. John Charles Burgoyne, late of No. 116, Harley-street, who died on May 13 last, was proved on the 15th inst. by Robert Burgoyne and Frederick Burgoyne, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £103,000. The testator specifically gives his freehold and leasehold houses, various stocks and shares, and other property to his children, Robert Burgoyne, Frederick Burgoyne, the Rev. Arthur Francis Burgoyne, Frances Emily Burgoyne, and Evelyn Louisa Burgoyne; and there are also gifts to his daughter, Mrs. Caroline Elizabeth Ellis, in addition to the provision made for her by her marriage settlement, and a legacy to his son-in-law, the Rev. John Henry Ellis. The residue of his property he leaves to his said sons, Robert and Frederick.

The will (executed Aug. 21, 1879) of Lady Alicia Jane Peel, widow of the late General the Right Hon. Jonathan Peel, P.C., M.P., and daughter of the first Marquis of Ailsa, late of Marble Hill, Twickenham, who died on May 11 last, was proved on the 12th inst. by Miss Margaret Peel, the daughter, William Augustus Peel, the son, and Charles Matthew Clode, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom exceeding £57,000. The testatrix makes some specific bequests to her children, and bequeaths an annuity of £400 to her daughter Margaret, for life; and legacies to executors, servants, and others. The residue of her real and personal estate is to be divided into seven equal parts, one of which she leaves to, or upon trust for, each of her children—Edmund Yates, Archibald, John,

William Augustus, Margaret, Mrs. Alice Morier, and Mrs. Adelaide Georgina Biddulph.

The will (dated March 16, 1868) of Mr. George Amatt Bentif, late of Maidstone, Kent, who died on the 3rd ult., was proved on the 7th inst. by Mr. Samuel Bentif, the brother, and surviving executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £47,000. After giving £1000 each to his sisters—Eliza Sarah, Caroline, and Mary Ann—the testator gives the residue of his property to his brother, Samuel, absolutely.

The will (dated April 1, 1874), with two codicils (dated Oct. 15, 1877; and April 21, 1884), of Mr. Dillworth Crewdson Fox, late of Wellington, Somersetshire, woollen manufacturer, who died on May 27 last, was proved on the 15th inst. by William Francis Fox, the brother, Joseph Hoyland Fox, and Henry Fox, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £42,000. The testator gives £500 and all his household furniture, effects, carriages, and horses to his wife, Mrs. Mary Augusta Fox; and £100 to each executor. The residue of his real and personal estate, both in England and New Zealand, he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, but, in case of her remarriage, she is only to receive half of the income. Subject to this the residue goes to his children, in equal shares.

The will of the Rev. Charles Cooke, late of Brighton, who died on May 26 last, was proved on the 14th inst. by Mrs. Charlotte Dolphin Cooke, the widow, Frank Ramsden, and Henry Edmonstone Medlicott, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £38,000. The testator gives £300 and the use of his furniture to his wife, for life; all the silver plate with the "Cooke" crest and his estate at Alverley, Wadsworth, Yorkshire, to his eldest son, Charles Herbert; and there are specific gifts of pictures, china, &c., to his other children. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and on her death or marriage to be divided among his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 28, 1887) of Mrs. Agnes Cogan, late of The Lilacs, Leatherhead, who died on May 5 last, was proved on the 11th inst. by Thomas Duffield, the brother, and Charles Collins, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £12,000. The testatrix gives £2000 to Guy's Hospital; her jewellery and trinkets to her niece, Helen Mary Duffield; and numerous legacies to relatives and servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her brother, Thomas Duffield, absolutely.

The yacht Thistle, having completed her preparations, sailed for New York on Monday.

It is notified that on Monday, the 8th prox., London Bridge will be partially closed for the purpose of repaving. During the progress of the work two lines of traffic will be kept open to and from the City, under the superintendence of the City police.

For the August Bank Holiday special cheap tours on the Continent have been arranged by the Great Eastern Railway Company, via the Harwich route, enabling holiday-makers from London and the North to visit Holland, the Rhine, and the Belgian Ardennes. The Ardennes tour includes Antwerp, Brussels (for Waterloo), Dinant, and the banks of the Meuse. Passengers leaving London (Liverpool-street Station) and the North on Friday or Saturday can reach the Ardennes early the next afternoon and return on Monday in time to reach London and the chief northern cities on the following Tuesday.

## GIFTS TO THE SCOTTISH CAPITAL.

Mr. R. Halliday Gunning, M.D., LL.D., has made a series of munificent gifts to the city of Edinburgh in connection with the Queen's Jubilee. These benefactions include the following endowments:—

1. To the council of the Royal Society of Edinburgh a triennial prize of £105, to be named "The Victoria Jubilee Prize for the Advancement of Science."

2. To the council of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland £40 yearly, or £120 every three years, to be named "The Victoria Jubilee Gift," the object of the founder being to assist experts to travel with the view of enriching and perfecting the Edinburgh Museum.

3. To the senatus of the University of Edinburgh, £200 per annum, to provide eleven post-graduation triennial prizes of £50 each.

4. To the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, £100 triennially, for a prize to bear the title "Dr. Gunning's Cullen Prize for the greatest benefit done to practical medicine."

5. To the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, £120 triennially, for a prize to be called "The Liston Victoria Jubilee Prize for the greatest benefit done to practical surgery."

6. To the Edinburgh Association for the University Education of Women, £40 annually, for a bursary to be called "The Victoria Jubilee Bursary."

Dr. Gunning has also given, through Lord McLaren, £100 to the Ben Nevis Observatory, and he has made four donations of £50 each to the home mission stations in Edinburgh. Dr. Gunning, who is an Edinburgh man, was long resident in Rio de Janeiro. He is a dignitary of the Brazilian Empire and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh and of the Society of Antiquaries (Scotland).

The Queen has approved of the appointment of Mr. James Braithwaite Peile, C.S.I., member of Council of the Governor of Bombay, to be a member of the Council of India, in the room of the late Sir Ashley Eden.

A summer flower-shower was held at the People's Palace for East London on Monday and Tuesday, and the Crown Princess of Germany visited the show on Monday. In the evenings the grounds were illuminated and concerts given.

Sir Edward Sieveking presided at the annual distribution of prizes to students at St. Mary's Hospital Medical School. Mr. G. P. Field, the Dean, read a report showing a steady increase in the number of students. The school had been enlarged in 1883 and again in 1886, last year a new wing and a library being added. A residential college had also been founded. During the past five years thirty-one beds had been added, bringing the total up to 281. Further additions in the directions of Praed-street were contemplated. The teaching staff had been augmented by the addition of three of their own men. The services of Sir E. Sieveking to the school were acknowledged in generous terms. Sir Edward Sieveking then presented the prizes, among the principal recipients being Mr. F. W. Lewitt, Mr. H. A. Caley, Mr. P. J. Kingston, and Mr. H. A. Bays. Dr. Broadbent, senior physician, on behalf of 250 present and past students of the school, presented Sir Edward Sieveking with a piece of plate, as a token of their appreciation of his services to the profession and the public, and of gratitude for his services to them personally and to the hospital, on the termination of his career in connection with the hospital school.

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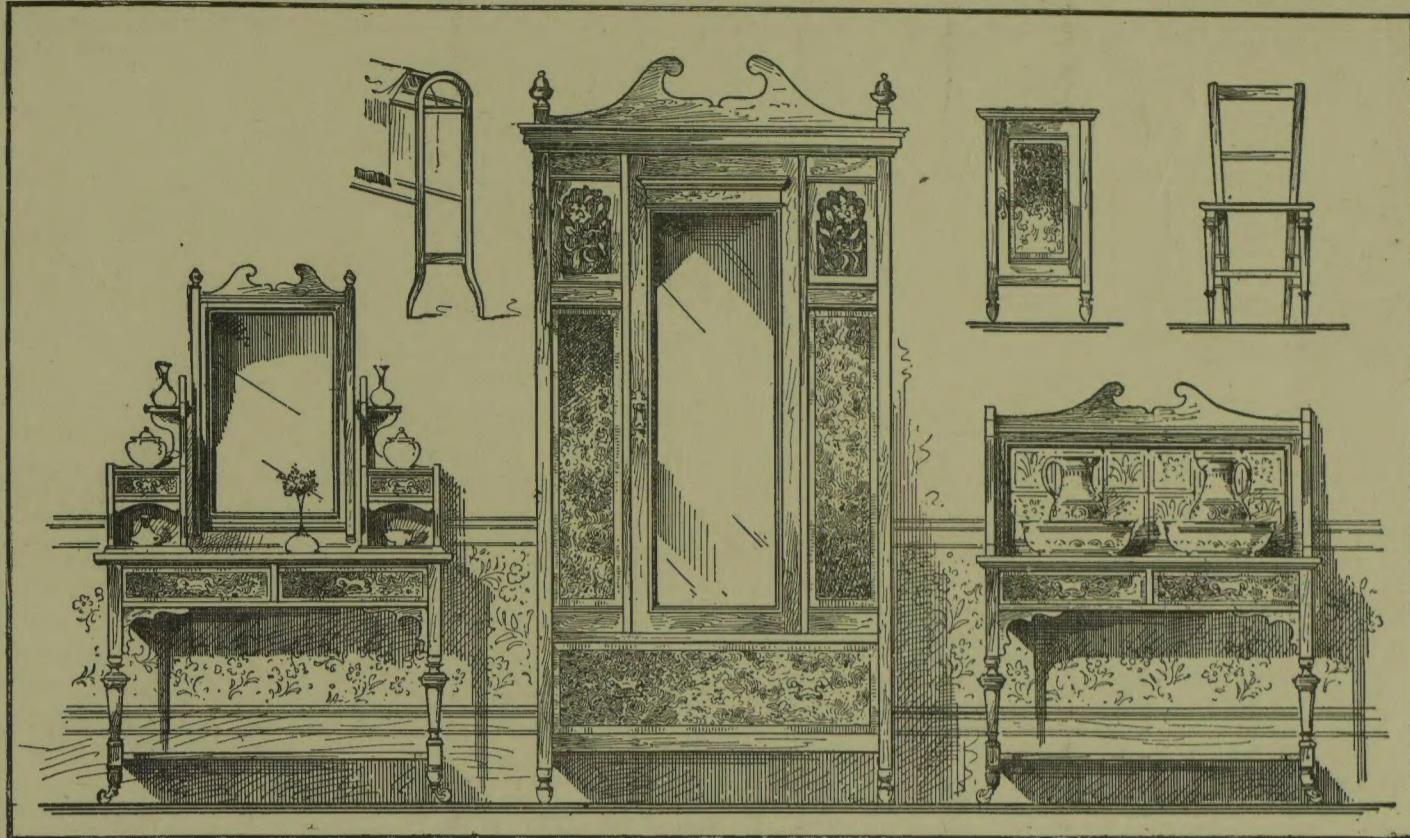
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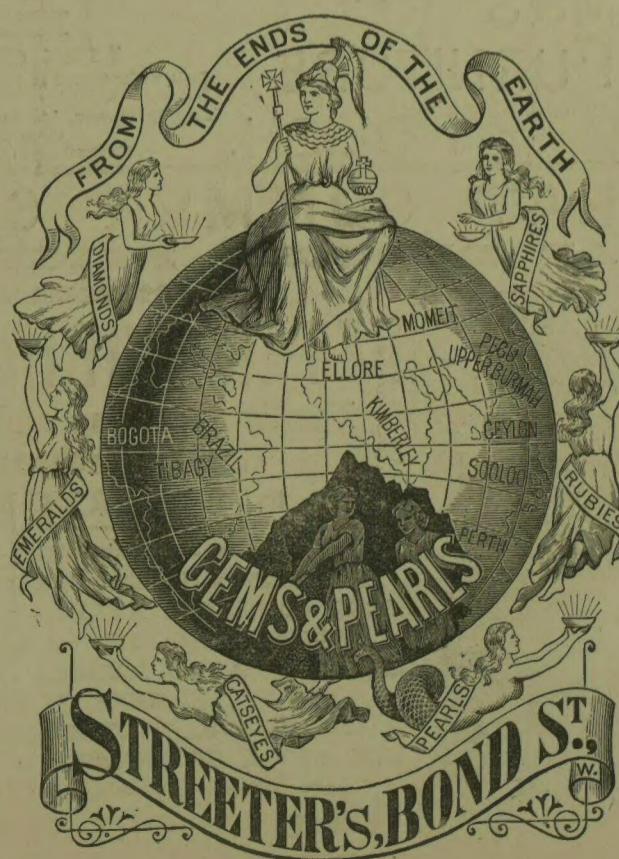
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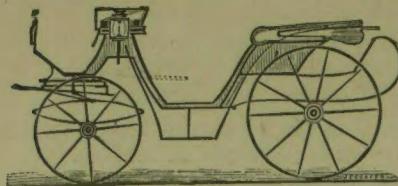
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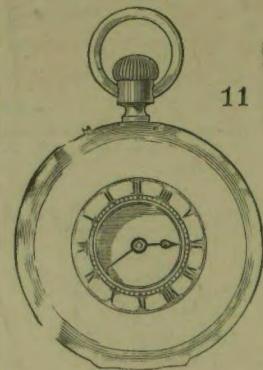
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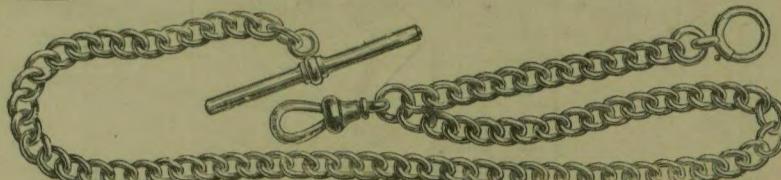
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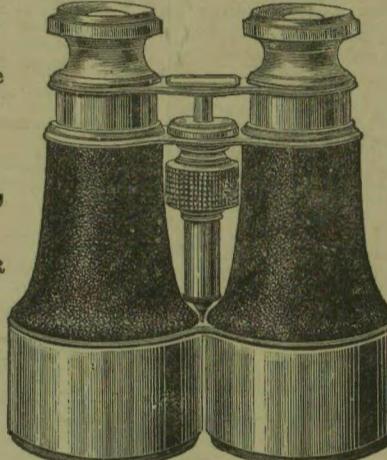
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